3

# The Aurora

*Class of 1911*

Saginaw High School, Saginaw, Mich.

FLORENCE B. BARNARD

This Book
is
lovingly and respectfully dedicated
to
Miss Florence B. Barnard
of the
Saginaw High School

# FOREWORD

IN an institution such as the "Saginaw High," there always exist a large number of customs and traditions, by which the students seek to govern their actions. These traditions are, for the most part, descended from the dim antiquity, and are held to be sacred and inviolable, be they for better or worse.

It is in observance of one of the most praiseworthy of these traditions, and one which has survived unchanged through twenty-one years, that we, the "Class of 1911," put forth this publication. Our intention in so doing, is that this "Aurora" may serve as a record of the glories of our Class, and also a remembrance of the many happy days spent within the old "Saginaw High."

*THE EDITORS.*

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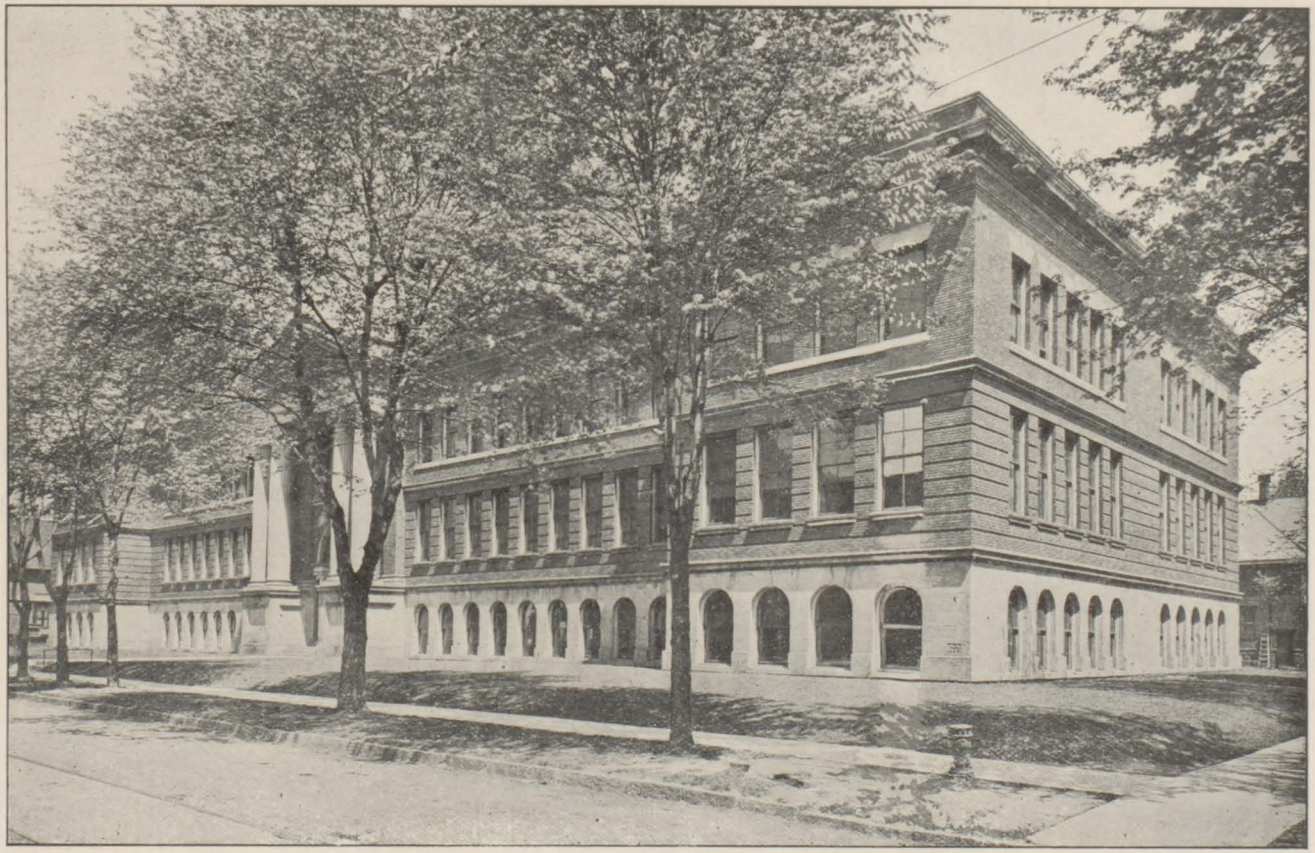

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LOIS WILSON.....Ninth Grade
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LOUISE K. GOFFE.....Drawing
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MACY KITCHEN.....History
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GERTRUDE MAUTNER.....German
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KATHARINE MAY RIDER.....English
ALICE C. ROBERTSON.....Drawing Supervisor
HELEN SWINTON.....Latin and History
EMILIE M. STEINBACH.....Music
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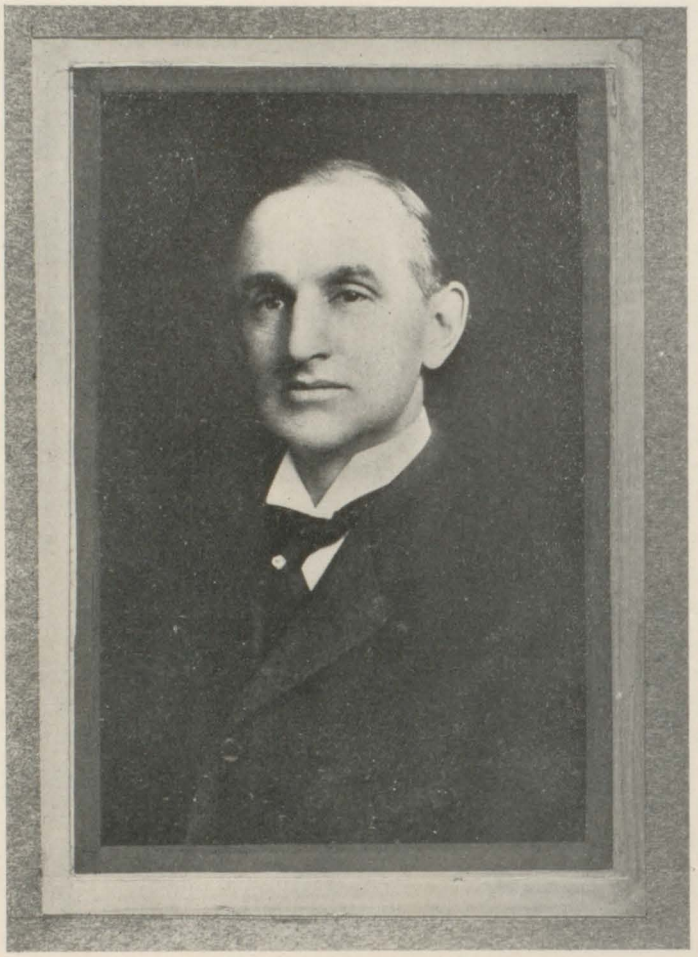
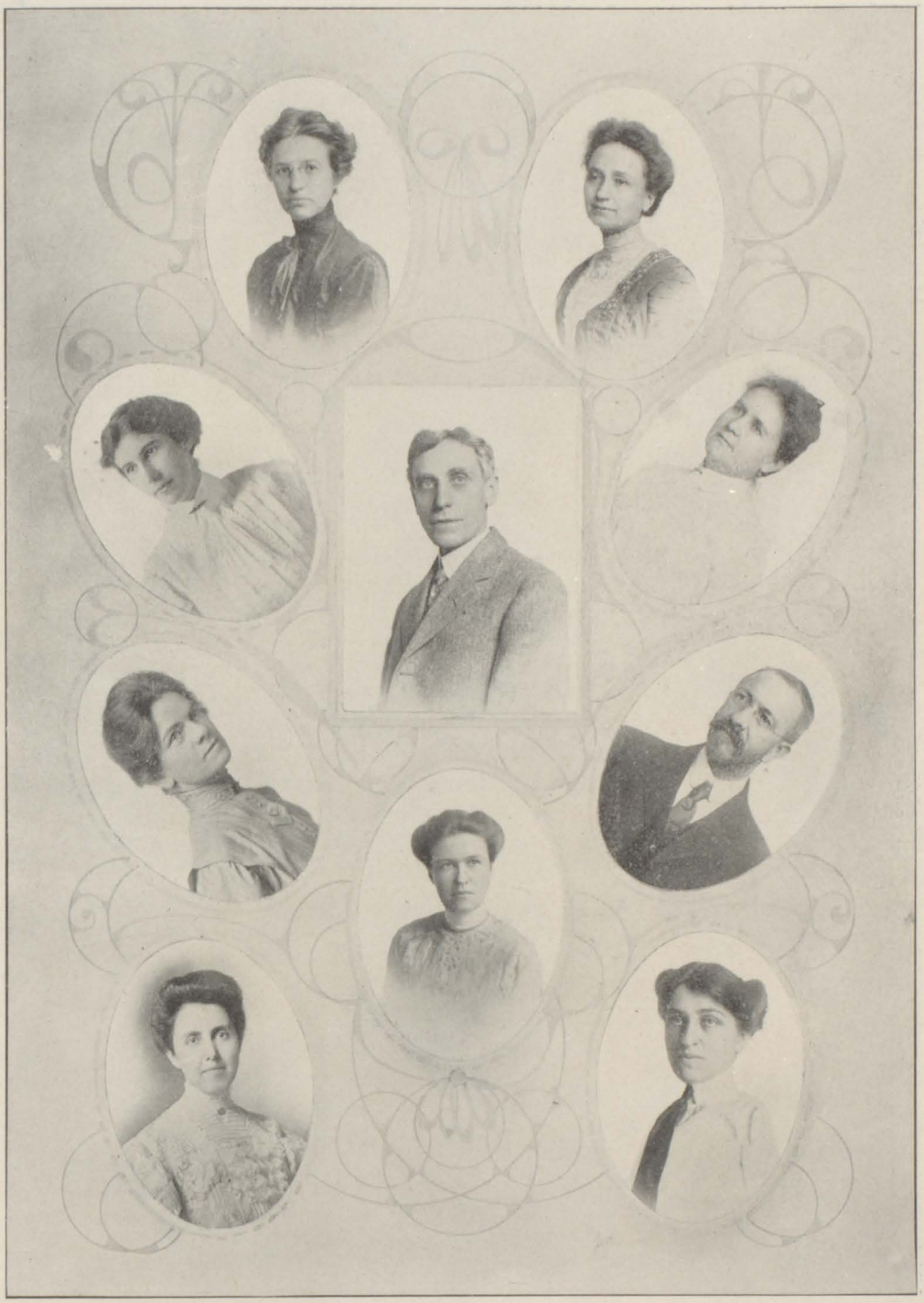


E. C. WARRINER



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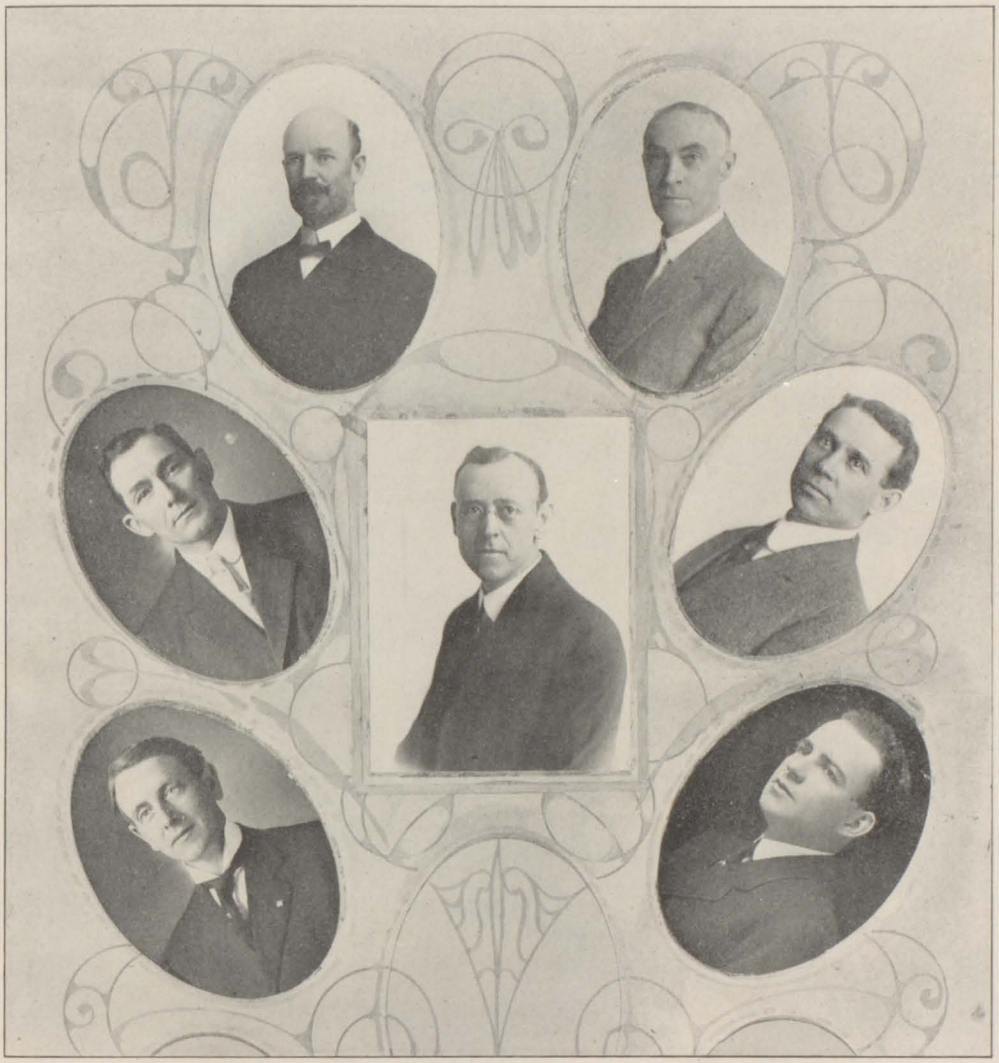


FRANZ DREIER

CHRISTIAN HOERNER

AUGUSTUS CARRIER

S. S. JUDD

S. S. PURDY

HENRY C. WIENKE

WALTER F. TIPPY

HOYT LIBRARY

SENIOR

# President's Address

Fellow Classmates:—

Our High School studies are now closed, are finished; we have reached the goal that we started for, the purpose we had in view, some four years ago, when we first entered the halls of the "Old Saginaw High." Can you remember with what sinking heart, and feeling of mystery we first looked upon this pile of buildings; the timid steps that brought us here, with what awe we looked upon these noble teachers, as though they were veritable gods of Wisdom? It is safe to say that no student wholly forgets such experiences. For four years we have studied together, and have solved the problems that have been given to us. Each day, each month, each period, brought us new problems, new difficulties; and patiently and kindly our teachers stood by our side, helped us over the hard places, and led us onward toward the solution and comprehension of every problem, every difficulty; until today we stand at the goal, at the conclusion of our school life.

What lessons should we derive from this life of study, and all these past experiences we have gone through with? Let us learn first that the mind can be trained, that it can be controlled, that it is an instrument that can be used; and that through its use, unknown things, unseen things, can be brought under the comprehension of the student. The attainment of our present knowledge is a living and an adequate proof of this mysterious truth. True, our little knowledge is but the outer corridor of the Temple of Wisdom; we are only at the foot of the ladder that leads and ends within the shrine of that glorious edifice, erected and created by the human mind; but still, we know that the mind of the student can comprehend, that he is in possession of such an intelligence that he may, if he will, become a veritable disciple of the goddess of Wisdom. For each of us to understand that we are able to learn, if we but apply ourselves, is the priceless gift that our teachers have bestowed upon us. Secondly, let us learn that the slight taste of knowledge that we have thus far obtained, may serve to show us more clearly the vast amount of it that lies before, and may enable us to understand more fully the wonderful achievements of those who have pushed their footsteps

onward and upward toward the far distant heights, that are attainable by the student's mind. From this let us also learn that the way has been well trodden by those before us, and that we shall have experienced teachers at every stage, and upon every step, in order that our feet may reach, and that our efforts may succeed. Great, persistent minds have blazed the pathway, and left for us the record of their achievements, the history of their efforts, the fruition of their labors. These two lessons I would impress upon your minds, that you may perceive that it rests with you, and with you alone, how much further you shall climb, how much more you shall acquire, how much higher along the ladder of knowledge you shall ascend.

And now, we stand at the opening of other doors; we go out from this school separate and alone; we take up our respective labors in other fields, vocations, colleges and universities. A feeling of sadness, of seeming loss, comes over us, for we know not what the future has in store for us. Of that future we are ignorant; we are as a man blind-folded, without sight, and yet told to pursue a definite pathway to some distant city. We are to pass onwards through all doubts, all difficulties, all troubles, through dense swamps, over high and rugged mountains, seeking to fulfill the destiny that lies within and behind us, and which impels us ever onward and beyond. Where that destiny will lead us, we do not know, although we may feel its silent, forceful hand directing and shaping our course. We recognize the truth of the Great Poet, that

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

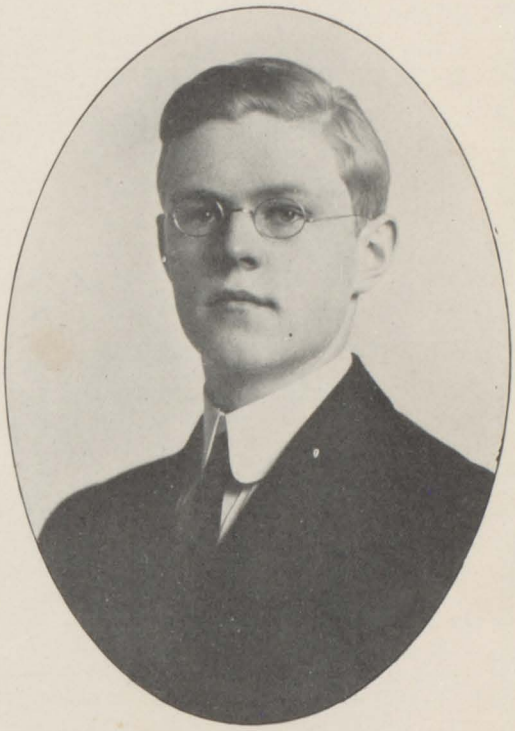
One thing, however, we may be certain of: we have ended our school life, we shall never again be together as members of a class of this High School. That chapter is finished, is closed forever. May we hope that always shall the members of this class remember each other in truest kindness, forgiving the errors of all classmates, the mistakes of all fellow students, and keep in loving memory the best characteristics of every fellow member of the "Class of 1911."

A short time ago you saw fit to elect me as your president, and I accepted that position because it seemed to me to be my duty to you. I entered upon the performance of the various duties connected with that position with much hesitation, and with much fear for results. But I

reckoned only from the viewpoint of my own incompetency. I failed to consider the loyalty, the unflinching support with which you were to serve the interests of your class. And today I am very thankful to say to you that my fears were groundless, my hesitation needless. This class has a reputation in this city for good behavior, for due respect to superiors, for definite achievement in studies and other functions, for orderly deportment in and outside of school, that has not been surpassed by any former class of this High School. My cheek mantles with just pride as I realize the high character of the members of this class, and I deem it a grand honor to have been selected by you as your president.

And now, we go out into the world of opportunities, of possibilities; that sealed book which remains unwritten by each of us. May the high character which has marked you here, abide with you always. May the noble resolves that you have shown here be ever within your hearts. May the resolute efforts that you have put forth while here carry you onward toward that purpose which shall engage you in the future. Above all, may you become loyal, true citizens of these United States, and may you serve your country with even more devotion than you have your school. May every member of this "Class of 1911" take with him the love of his fellow members, and cherish it in all that he may attempt in the ordeal that lies before him; and may the blessings of our teachers, the all embracing love of our common humanity, and the infinite direction of the Blessed Lord be ever with us.

EUGENE COMBS.



EUGENE COMBS

# Class of 1911

Colors—Green and Gold.

## OFFICERS:

EUGENE COMBS.....President
BERNICE WOODRUFF.....Vice-President
ROBERT STEWART.....Secretary
ELIZABETH EWEN.....Treasurer
HAROLD ALLINGTON.....Marshal

HAROLD JOHN ALLINGTON.

"Don't push—ride an Indian motorcycle."

MILDRED ELAINE BARTH.

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

HELEN FRANCES BANDEMER.

"Stately and tall she moves in the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."

WILLIAM BAUM.

"And to his eye there was but one beloved face on earth."

MORLEY BISHOP.

"Everything is sweetened by risk."

HAROLD BLACKNEY.

"He is a product to be marvelled at."

NETA MAUD BLAISDELL.

"For what I will, I will, and there an end."

LORNA CAROLINE BLISS.

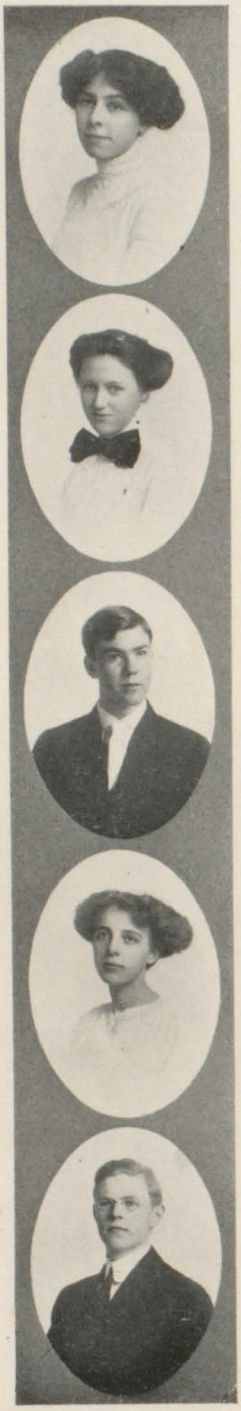
"Nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself."

ORTENSE A. BRALEY.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."

FIELDS WILLIAM BRASS.

"All the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men."



GLADYS BROWNE.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

LUELLA FRANCES BULGER.

"Then she will talk—
Ye Gods! how she will talk!"

FRED BURKHOLDER.

"There is nothing new under the sun."

FLORENCE ANN CARMEN.

"Eyes of unholy blue."

EUGENE WILBER COMBS.

"Greater men than I have lived,
But I doubt it."

THOMAS DE WITT COOPER.

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

EDWIN F. COSENDAI.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her day."

GEORGIA DOERR.

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

JULIA FRANCES DUNGEY.

"Persuasion tips her tongue whene'er she talks."

HARRIS JUDSON ELDRED.

"I was born an American;
I live an American.
I shall die an American."

GEORGINA MATILDA ELLIS.

"Blest with plain reason and sober sense."

MABEL ELLISON.

"Thy modesty is but a candle to thy merit."

EDWARD MILLER ERLENBACH.

"The true art of memory is the art of attention."

HELEN EWEN.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

ELIZABETH EWEN.

"How sweet thy modest unaffected pride."

LAURA MARIE FEIGE.

"It is said by grammarians that the use of language is to express our wants and desires."

CHESTER LEON FIELD.

"He was a man, take him all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

LYNN R. FILBERT.

"Boys will be boys."

LEAH FINKENAUR.

"It is good
To lengthen to the last, a sunny mood."

ROBERT FISH.

"I am lean enough to be thought a good student."

HELEN MARIE FLEISCHMANN.

"Elegant as simplicity and warm as ecstacy."

EDWARD GALBRAITH.

"It requires a critical nicety to find out the genius of a child."

FLORENCE LARNED GALLAGHER.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

MARGARET MATHER GALLAGHER.

"Pleasant and fair—
Agreeable and sweet."

CLARENCE GOULD.

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."

IRENE GREENE.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung."

RUTH CLEVELAND GRIERSON.

"Thou art no dreamer."

RUTH GUBTIL.

"Quantity and quality."

WILLIAM O'BRIAN HENDERSON.

"Nowher so besy a man as he ther was,
And yet he seemed besier than he was."

BARBARA HENDERSON.

"As merry as the day is long."

JOSEPH P. HENDRICK.

"He wears the rose of youth upon his cheek."

LEO HENDRICKS.

"Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth."

MARIE BERTHA HENNY.

"The mildest-mannered maid I ever knew."

FLORENCE E. HORZESKY.

"She does little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despised."

EDWIN JOHNSTON.

"This gentleman is full of virtue, worth and qualities."

LUCILLE N. JOHNSON.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

HARVEY EDWARD KAUFMANN.

"Fain would I climb,
But I fear to fall."

KATHRYN CHARLOTTE KELLER.

"Blushing like a Worcestershire orchard before harvest."

HAROLD ALBERT KLEES.

"There must be some work in him,
For none ever came out."

META ELSIE KLENKE.

"Sweets to the sweet."

ADELAIDE KOCH.

"A sweet, attractive sort of grace."

ELEANOR KOCH.

"You are looked for, called for, asked for and sought for."

CLARA H. KRINGEL.

"Of disposition very mild."

HAZEL RUTH KUEBLER.

"Her hair was rolled in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and jeweled coronet."

ERNEST PHILIP LA JOIE.

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

LESTER LAPPAN.

"Rise with the lark and with the lark to bed."

SARAH CAROLINE LEWIS.

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

CLARA AMANDA LOBSIGER.

"She was a quiet maiden and studious withal."

RALPH LOVELAND.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

HERTHA LUELLEMANN.

"The name of every star she knows."

RUBY HELEN MARKS.

"A dainty pair of glasses on her dainty little nose
Adds to her looks of culture and to her statue-like repose."

ZETA McDONALD.

"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."

HAZEL McCORKLE.

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

ADELE MADER.

"Style is the dress of thoughts."

IRENE ESTELLA MILLER.

"Each day, each hour her name I'll bless."

JESSIE LIND MILNE.

"The lady loves and admires everything Scottish."

CLARA FRIEDA MOHNK.

"Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep."

CLARA HENRIETTA MUELLER.

"O'er books consumed the midnight oil."

HELEN BERETTA MURPHY.

"We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted."

MABEL LILLIAN NEWBERRY.

"Always pleasant, kind and smiling."

JOHN GEORGE O'BRIEN.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed;
What oft was said but ne'er so well expressed."

ARTHUR PETERS OPPERMANN.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

MAYBELLE OPPERMANN.

"Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat."

AUGUSTA D. OTTO.

"The gravity and stillness of your youth the world hath noted."

EDWARD ALBERT PASSOLT.

"He shall rule with a rod of iron."

MARJORIE ANN PERKINS.

"Red as a rose is she."

RUTH RAFELSON.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of many maidens are."

RICH RAYMOND.

"Philosophy will clip an angel's wing."

IRMA MORRISON RICE.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

JESSE SONNENBERG RICH.

"I consider poetry very subordinate to science."

FRANCES ROWDEN.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

JOE ROMAN.

"He would charm the bird from the tree."

GEORGE FREDERICK SCHREIBER.

"Men of few words are the best men."

EDNA H. SCHULZ.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

DELIA ELIZABETH SHARICK.

"A mother's pride,
A father's joy."

WILLIAM ALBERT SHAVER.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

ALBERTA SHREVE.

"I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its pleasant flow;
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to let it go."

JAY SILSBY.

"A moral, sensible, well-bred man."

EDITH SIMPSON.

"More modest than the violet."

ELEANOR M. SKILLEN.

"With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye."

ELEANOR SKIMIN.

"Always a smile to greet you."

DANIEL STEELE.

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

ROBERT PEARCE STEWART.

"There is no true orator who is not a hero."

RAYMOND STINGEL.

"Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth."

DORIS N. TAFT.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

EDWARD SAMUEL TAUB.

"Blessings on thee, little man."

EDITH AGNES TEETERS.

"I bear a charmed life."

ELLIS THAL.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

JULIAETTE LELAND TOWNSEND.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

ELLA ADELIA TRUCKER.

"There is no art
To find a mind's construction in the face."

FLORENCE B. WARD.

"She was a wee, winsome maid."

WALTER WARREN.

"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can."

CECIL WILKINS.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

ANNA ESTHER WINKLER.

"Not what we wish, but what we want."

EDWARD ALLEN WITHERIDGE.

"A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

BERNICE MARION WOODRUFF.

"She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine."

MARY WAYTELIA.

"She is like all girls."

EUNICE GLADYS ZIEMER.

"Although the last, not the least."

# + In Memoriam +

ILSE MARIE KOLBE

DE WITT EMERY

LILA MASON

# Valedictorian's Address

Friends, Schoolmates, Members of the Faculty, and Members of the Class of 1911:

The honor of having the last word with you, bestowed upon me by the members of my class, I regard as a great privilege.

We all must realize the great importance that this season of the year brings to us. Some of us are to continue our work here, while others of us have arrived at the point where we are to leave the school that has sheltered and benefited us for the past four years. We are about to launch out upon our own resources and to make as much impression in the great world as our education and character will win for us. Is it not then a critical moment in our lives?

With this change in our position, there seems to pass through our minds a train of melancholy thoughts caused by our hesitation at being thrown upon our own responsibility, and the uncertainty that farewell always brings with it. These thoughts tend to crowd out the bright thoughts, and yet bright thoughts are rightfully ours, for we have accomplished what we have striven for during the last twelve years, that which has been our goal since we have been able to understand the great value of an education. In our departure from this institution we do not need to fall away from the beaten path of knowledge that we have been following. We can continue our education by going away to some higher school of learning, or those not so inclined may continue their schooling by reading and taking a keen interest in the progress of our nation and the world at large.

We do not need to sever the ties of friendship that have bound us to our fellow students, for though we depart from the school we shall have memories and mementos that will keep the flame of our High School associations ever aglow in our minds. In spite of all of this we would be inhuman if there did not enter into our hearts some pangs at the thought of leaving our High School; but this feeling should be offset by our anticipation. Some of us are eager to get into the world and make our presence felt, and others decide to defer their appearance on the in-

finite stage of the world by better preparing themselves in the higher schools of our country, made possible by the great, broad-minded customs of our land.

To those who are going to meet and battle with the world, after our High School course is completed, we extend our heartiest wishes for your success. You have been well prepared to meet the great issues of life, partly by the public spirited citizens of our city, who have made possible our education along a practical and a mechanical line, and partly by the able corps of teachers that have been placed here for our intellectual benefit. Those of you who are to continue your preparation for entrance into the great University of Life by attending some of our higher schools, we congratulate. You are well prepared in all the essentials of college life, and whatever school you go to, always remember that it is yours to keep up the good name of the Old Saginaw High.

We congratulate our Principal on the steady growth and influence of our school in all branches of science and athletics, which is in a great measure due to his earnest efforts. We wish to express our appreciation for the words of cheer and encouragement that we have always received from him.

Members of the faculty, we also wish to thank you for all that you have done in our behalf. We entered this school regarding you as superhuman beings, a class we could never hope to be on equal footing with; but we have now come to regard you as our best friends, put here for our welfare, a body to converse with, and to counsel with. If we have improved under your discipline, in the future you will see the results, because it is in the four years of our High School career that our character and standards of life are fashioned. You have had it in your power to make, and improve us, and if you have judged our character rightly, and have encouraged us in the course of study and thought that Nature has best intended us for, to the future alone you must look for your reward and greatest thanks.

To you, dear schoolmates, we leave the responsibility of upholding the high standard of ability and sportsmanship in all branches of athletics. To you we entrust the school and all its functions. We leave it to you to keep up the good traditions that we have upheld, and to put down unworthy ones that we as a class have not stood for. To you we

leave the task of upholding the high degree of proficiency that we have attained in literature, science and art. It is indeed a position that will tax your abilities, but you are well prepared to fulfill these duties by the new customs and practices that are now being inaugurated, and by the magnificent athletic field that is being constructed for us by our Alumni Association.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Members of the class of 1911, we have finished our course, and, as we look back over those four priceless years that the events of this day bring to a close, though it is useless for us to regret, we can now see many places where we have missed excellent chances or passed over splendid opportunities. We can also see the great advantages that have been ours, the great privilege we have had in being allowed these years of instruction. We are about to step out into new paths, paths that are entirely different from those that we have been traversing. We are about to go out into new fields, fields where we will be judged solely by our character and ability. Let us then depart from this school and carry ourselves in such a manner that we may be a credit to the teachers who have prepared us, and to the institution from which we came.

With these parting words, as a representative of the class of 1911, I bid you an affectionate farewell, and may you be worthy successors of the class which has preceded you, and may success attend your efforts.

ROBERT PEARCE STEWART.

# Prophecy

'Twas a hot night, in the month of June;
  The air was balmy and still.
I looked from my bedroom window
  And saw on the window-sill
An angel, beckoning to me,
  So I rose from my bed and went out—
And now comes a very queer story
  Which I hope that none will doubt.
She said I was going on a journey
  Far away, to the Promised Land;
She put some wings upon my back
  And took me by the hand.
It was not long till we had risen
  High up into the balmy air,
And I saw way off in the distance
  The foot of the golden stair.
I was glad I was going to Heaven,
  But, imagine my dismay
When I saw my classmate, Walt Hannon,
  Going the other way.
I was thinking of my high-school days
  As we lit on the golden stairs,
And I stood at the gates of Heaven
  Before I could say my prayers.
St. Peter looked through a book of gold,
  Where the records are kept, they say,
Then he called the angel to him and said:
  "Bring him here, he is O. K."
I dared not look him in the face,
  So I stood there with bowed head;

He laid his hand on my shoulder
  And with saintly voice he said:
"Have you any request to make
  Before you enter Heaven?"
I answered, "I'd like to hear the fate
  Of the class of nineteen-eleven."
Then he called the prophet, Elijah,
  And he, without hesitation,
Said that he could give me
  The desired information.
He stood there for a moment,
  Then, with a twinkle in his eyes
He sat down on the steps of gold, and said,
  "Prepare for a great surprise."

"In the little town of Crow Island,
  Where the grass is always green,
Writing esays on How to Raise Chickens,
  Lives De Cooper and his wife, Irene.
Your old friend P. B. Allington
  Is running a bicycle shop.
Ed Passolt is in Frankenmuth
  Learning to be a cop.
Mabel Newberry gives music lessons
  To Paderwiski's kids;
Barth and Bulger run a hat-shop
  Where they sell all the latest lids.
Taub, Rich and Thal have a dry goods store;
  They handle imported silk.
Chet Fields is owner and editor
  Of the 'Bridgeport Morning's Milk.'
Florence Carmen and Irene Greene
  Write articles now and then
For Hazel McCorkle's magazine
  Called 'How to Capture Men.'
Bill Baum is a noted violinist—
  He's making good at that.
Margaret Gallagher sells patent medicine
  Which will make thin people fat.

Walt Warren is a blacksmith,—
  He's invented a new horse-shoe.
Eleanor Koch is the leading lady
  In the stock company at the Bijou.
Lynn Filbert owns a drug store
  With Henny and Truckner as clerks.
And poor Ed Cosendai is dyeing
  Down at Cosendai's dye works.
Clare Gould is in New York now,
  Working for a lawyer;
He sweeps the floor and runs errands
  At three dollars and a half per (haps).
Eugene Combs is still president
  Of the Old Batchelor's Club.
Les Lappan runs a hotel
  Where they serve the best of grub.
In this hotel as bell-boys
  Are Art Hertz and Joe Hendrick, too,
Sarah Lewis is a waitress here,
  That's all she can find to do.
Ellis, Kringle and Feige have a factory
  Where they make green and gold ice cream.
La Joie and his cousin Napoleon
  Now own the Cleveland team.
Galbraith and Raymond are farmers;
  They are raising a new kind of grain.
And Harold Klees is a newsboy
  On a P. M. railroad train.
Bob Fish runs a moving picture show
  Which is pretty good, I guess,
For they say that he's put Lyman Howe
  Out of business.
Leah Finkenaur is a teacher
  In a Buena Vista school.
Morley Bishop is office boy
  Out at the Lufkin Rule.
Helen and 'Lizabeth Ewen
  Are acting in vaudeville.

They haven't made a hit yet,
  But then, I hope they will.
'Bob' Henderson's headquarters
  Are in the West Branch Opperie hall,
Where she earns her living teaching
  The natives to play basket-ball.
Joe Roman went through a medical school
  Studying medicine, you see,
And now he clerks, for six a week,
  At the Valley Drug Company.
Edith Teeters and Edna Schultz
  Are noted suffragettes.
Bum Loveland writes essays on
  'Athletes Should Never Smoke Cigarettes.'
Tensa Braley and Lucille Johnson
  Own a celery farm.
Mabel Ellison out in Montana
  Is known as the village school marm.
Marj. Perkins and Ruth Gubtil are cheered
  Over and over again
For their world renowned stump-speeches
  On 'More Votes for Women.'
Doris Taft is at the White House
  With her uncle, President Bill.
Fred Burkholder's up in the north woods
  Running a lumber mill.
Bernice Woodruff is a missionary
  Over in Japan.
Ed Witheridge hunted for forty years
  For an honest alderman.
Then there are three rich old maids
  With plenty of money to spend,
Traveling around and enjoying life.
  Lobsiger, Milne and Townsend.
Miss Keller owns a ranch out west,
  With cattle and horses galore.
Zeta McDonald is out there, too,
  Running a grocery store.

Haz Keubler and Helen Bandemer
  Are queens of the circus ring;
They're supposed to be bare-back riders,
  But really don't do a thing.
Irma Rice and Hertha Luellemann
  Are essayists of world-wide fame;
Their latest is 'Girls Who Use Powder
  Should Never Go Out in the Rain."
Florence Gallagher plays music
  That would soothe the savage beast.
A very good thing to 'raise the dough'
  Is Helen Fleischmann's yeast.
Little J. Harold Blackney
  Is taking great delight
Answering queries on how to grow
  A foot and a half in a night.
Gladys Browne is in Pinconning;
  She's known as the village coquette,
And tho' she's continually flirting
  She hasn't been married yet.
Art Oppermann is in Canada
  On the Hudson Bay's wild shore,
Where he lives all alone and traps animals
  To get furs for his father's fur store.
Fields Brass spends all his time now
  Growing eggs upon egg plants.
George Schreiber owns the Germania,
  And every week gives a dance.
Grierson, Doerr and Blaisdell
  Run a physical culture school.
'Dey kicks you out, you come back neffer,'
  According to Franz's rule.
'Caruso' Burdick at last has reached
  His one ambition, they say;
He's taken Eddie Foy's place
  In 'Up and Down Broadway.'
Bob Stewart in city politics
  Has won a great renown,

For, since the last election
  He's been mayor of the town.
Meta Klenke and Adelaide Koch
  Haven't been married as yet.
Leo Hendricks is a bum actor;
  He plays the Ham in Ham-let.
Ruby Marks sells tickets
  At the Dreamland Theater
Where Horzesky plays the piano,
  And Shaver is operator.
Outside stands 'Sunny' Henderson
  With a broad smile on his face;
He tries to get people to go inside,
  For it's he that owns the place.
Harris Eldred is a deacon
  In the little village church.
Maybelle Oppermann was to be married last week
  If she hadn't been left in the lurch.
In Ireland, across the sea,
  In the land of the Shamrock,
Teaching the natives German songs
  Is Edward Erlinbach.
Harvey Kaufmann is at the North Pole
  On a trip with Commander Peary.
Clara Mueller interprets Shakespeare's plays;
  She's better than Ellen Terry.
Rafelson, Wilkins and Otto
  Are three dressmakers fine.
Jay Silsby runs an engine
  On the Michigan Central line.
Well known in the city of New York
  Are Murphy, Mohnk and Dungey,
Where they do a lot of very good work
  For the Salvation Army.
Rowden and Edith Simpson
  Join them in July,
And with the help of Lorna Bliss
  Write poetry for the 'War Cry.'

Florence Ward sings in grand opera,
  Eleanor Skimin's a skilled stenographer,
And tho' she can't read what she writes
  It makes no difference to her.
Dan Steele runs a Rescue Mission
  Up in the back-woods of Maine.
Edwin Johnson has startled the world
  With his stunts on a Brooks' aeroplane.
Eunice Ziemer is still at High School
  Teaching English, in room one,
While in 200 learning to cook
  Are Winkler and Skillen.
Waytelia and Sharick are the best
  Nurses in the country.
Adele Mader's in comic opera now;
  She's playing the leading lady.
Ray Stingel's a wandering butcher,
  O'er all the land he roams,
And Alberta Shreve is in Knox's,
  On the first floor selling Combs."

And here his queer tale ended;
  He said "Are you satisfied,
Or is there a question you'd like to ask
  Before you go inside?"
I answered, "Yes, Elijah,
  There's one thing I'd like to know,
'Bout a member you did not speak of—
  Where did Walt Hannon go?"
He smiled, and just as I was going
  To hear poor Walter's fate—
Ma says. "George, get up; you're late for school;
  It's twenty minutes of eight."

J. GEORGE O'BRIEN.

# Class History

## Our High School Race

### First Lap.

"Get on your mark!" sounded in June. All summer we waited. Finally, in September, when everyone was on the alert, we heard the "Go!" Then off sped our class over the first quarter of its course. Urged on by the faculty, nothing seemed impossible. The way stretched wide and smooth before us. Now and then someone stumbled over his own feet, but as a whole we traveled on without a break. The first mile-post in the form of a class meeting was reached at last, and Clare Gould was chosen president. Other officers were chosen, too, Elizabeth Ewen being made vice-president; William Wallace, secretary; Beulah Brown, treasurer, and Harris Eldred, marshal.

With these worthy leaders our class sped on to its first stumbling-block—the choosing of class colors. After some time and many arguments, green and gold were decided upon.

The only social function of the year was a reception given by the faculty to the literary and musical societies and the Athletic Association. Many from our class paused in their race for knowledge to attend this, and found the event very enjoyable.

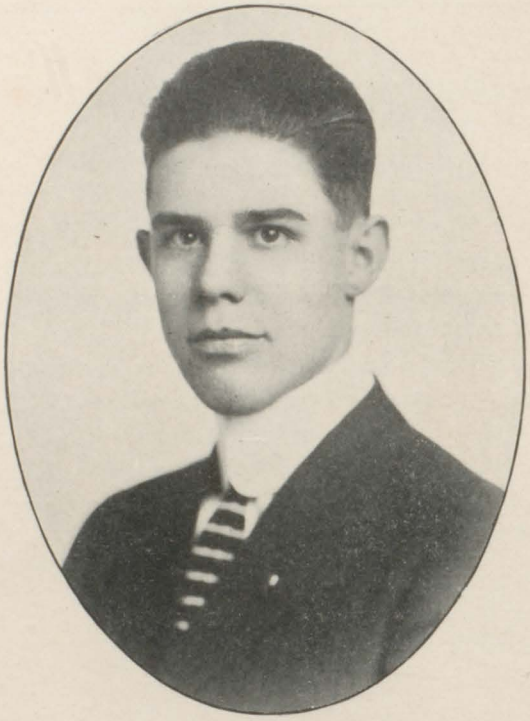
Thus we traveled to the first hurdle—the semester examinations. The majority of us took it easily, but several had to be given a second trial.

On, on we sped toward June and the end of the first lap, and so smoothly did our course run on, and so greatly did we appreciate the advantages we were being given, that we decided to leave a gift to the

heretofore unadorned new track, in the shape of a beautiful picture. This we did; and then, taking the second hurdle bravely and well, we ran out across the line and finished our first lap.

### Second Lap.

Here the pace was quickened a trifle, and some who were short of breath dropped from among us. But our class was still large, and we



CLARE GOULD
1908

struggled on, manfully overcoming the obstacles in our way. By this time we had become more used to the track; we remembered where the stumbling-blocks were, and were careful not to trip on them. This year Robert Stewart was selected president; Beulah Brown, vice-president; Barie Hanaford, secretary; Ara Dietz, treasurer, and William Baum, marshal.

We crossed the paths of other classes many times while running our

course, and at the gym exhibition all the tracks ran side by side. Though our race was just begun, we were recognized by the judges as being good runners.

This year the hurdles were screwed up higher than they had been the first year. Long and steadily we prepared for them, and glad were the hearts of those who made them and who were thus able to run on into the third lap. Some, I am sorry to say, tried to run around or crawl

ROBERT STEWART
1909

under the hurdles, but they were always caught and penalized by being made to begin the second lap again.

### Third Lap.

With thinned ranks we crossed the line into the third lap. This year the best runners were to be chosen from among us. It was a hard task for the judges to do this, for so swift were the runners and so many the

ties, that the number of candidates for the blue ribbon was astonishing. Cheers came thundering from the sidelines when the lucky twelve were announced, and the congratulations they received were very hearty. Soon after the announcement, these same twelve gave an exhibition of their skill.

WILLIAM BAUM
1910

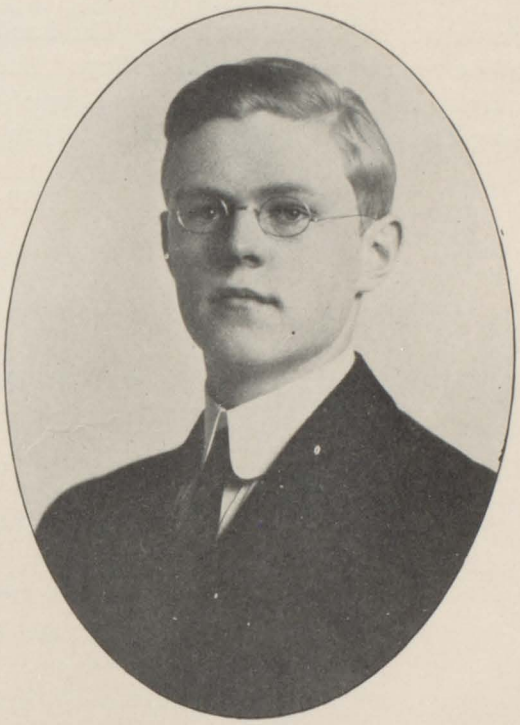
The officers of the year were: William Baum, president; Alberta Shreve, vice-president; Sarah Lewis, treasurer; DeWitt Cooper, secretary, and Harold Allington, marshal, all of whom were well qualified to fill their responsible positions.

This year marked the social climax of the race. About the middle of the year time was called, and the runners left the course for a short rest. During this period the Junior Hop was given, and all agreed that it was the best that had ever been given.

But this success almost emptied the treasury. There was not nearly enough in it to entertain the Seniors as royally as we wished. So a

"medley" was given toward the end of the year. It was the first entertainment of its kind ever given by the runners, and was considered well worthy of the class of 'eleven.

It has been the custom for many years for the runners in the third lap to entertain those of the fourth just as the latter leave the course.



EUGENE COMBS
1911

This custom was held to by our class, the entertainment being in the form of an outing at Winona Beach.

This, our third lap, closed brilliantly.

## Fourth Lap.

Only one hundred and eleven entered into this last effort, but each one of these did his best in this last round. Shorter than ever did the track seem, and though the hurdles were very high, those of us who were left were there to win out, and we took them easily.

Leaders for the year were selected early, the honors falling to Eugene Combs, president; Bernice Woodruff, vice-president; Robert Stewart, secretary; Elizabeth Ewen, treasurer, and Harold Blackney, marshal.

Class pins were selected; the best runners chosen to advertise the merits of the track in the "Aurora;" and it was decided to give a play in order to raise the necessary funds for our year's activities.

Thus far have we accomplished our race. The home run is still to come. Soon it will be time to make this final effort. Then, at least, will we receive our laurels, and will realize the meaning of this long, hard race. Here's hoping that everyone will find it has been beneficial.

LAURA FEIGE.

# CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1911, being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, in manner following, viz:

First, we will and direct that all our just debts be paid in full and that our funeral services be carried out with the pomp and form due a class as deserving of respect and admiration as ours has proved itself to be, making our exit from this scholastic sphere a final blaze of glory.

Second, we give, devise, and bequeath our estate, of which we now stand in lawful possession, as follows, viz:

Item. To the school as a whole, we give and bequeath:

The memory of our unparalleled brilliance, our remarkable industry, and the zeal with which we strove to further its interests.

Those traditions for the promotion of the general welfare of the school which we have aided in propagating and the freedom from those which we have assisted in abolishing.

To those classes which come after us and to all succeeding generations, out of the fullness of our hearts, we freely give the benefits they must unquestionably derive from our recitations and quiz papers, whose distinguishing feature has invariably been their scintillating splendor of a greater or lesser degree. (Our enemies will probably assert, of a lesser).

Item. To the Faculty we hereby give and bequeath lives long, tranquil, and free from care. With what fond regrets we reluctantly take leave of this honorable body, it is impossible to describe! We humbly ask their forgiveness for expostulations rashly uttered at whatsoever times we have been summoned to appear eighth hours, and beg that they

suitably express their unquestioned pleasure at being freed from the pain of refusing our earnest supplications or demands, as the case may have been, for study slips, higher marks, redress of grievance, and other items of varying degree of consequence.

Item. To the Juniors, the class of 1912, we give and bequeath:

Our dear old session-room, the scene of so many memorable transactions, hoping it will prove as conducive to studious habits in the future as it has in the past.

Our horn, bedecked with ribbons and clustered about with memories dear to us all. May it toot to their eminent satisfaction and lead them on to deeds of glory!

To the share of the Juniors will also fall our seats in chapel. We sincerely hope they will fully appreciate the inestimable privilege we bestow upon them. Let them beware, however, lest, by reason of their exalted situation, they attain an undue enlargement of the cranium and their pride be their undoing! But let their ideals be as lofty as their position.

Reluctantly and with great trepidation, we also entrust to the care of the Juniors our Senior dignity. Trifling as this matter may now appear to them, we earnestly assure them that it is of colossal importance; it is a matter to be treated seriously, and we pray that they may come in the course of time to realize their immense responsibility. Let them have a care how they bear themselves before the critical eyes of the school, for it is their duty to uphold the untarnished honor of their predecessors as well as that of their own class. Out of the depths of our experience we assure them that it will require incessant watchfulness lest they unconsciously assume an air of frivolity most unbecoming to the name of Senior.

We also give and bequeath to the Junior class our course in Physics, during which we fully guarantee that they will acquire a truly formidable array of genuinely original jokes and puns. However, let us earnestly warn them lest they bring great confusion to themselves by utilizing the aforesaid items; we have been confidentially informed that a copyright has been secured on the entire number. Furthermore, let us warn them lest they handle unfamiliar apparatus in the laboratory, for we have been repeatedly admonished, by one who has our welfare at heart, that whatsoever person of inquisitive and curious disposition, shall attempt to examine objects with which he is unacquainted, runs the tremendous risk

of having the aforementioned object explode and blow him into a thousand unrecognizable atoms.

It is with great sorrow that we leave our beloved course in English. It moves us almost to the verge of tears to contemplate a future utterly devoid of the sometimes unappreciated pleasure of reciting exquisite poetry setting forth the beauties of the dawn; devoid, too, of the opportunity of expounding the learned conceptions of the famous Burke

Deplorable as it is, and much as we regret the fact, we are aware that there are those among us who will be unable to depart with us, owing, according to the ideas of the Faculty, to their own lack of assiduity, and according to their own ideas, to the perversity of a cruel and unjust Fate! However that may be, we will entrust these of our number to the gentle care and tender mercies of the Juniors.

Item. To our sister-class, that of 1913, we venture this advice: Keep on as you have begun and you must inevitably reach that goal for which you are now striving. Also, we express a hope that as you advance in your school life, you will be mercifully endowed with the ambition, talent, and last but of the most vital importance, the time to give a successful Junior Exhibition.

Item. To the Freshmen we do hereby give and bequeath, to be their property, jointly and severally, and that of their successors forever, our color of emerald green, meanwhile hoping that they will sufficiently appreciate our generosity in entrusting to them a gift so entirely deserving of their highest approbation.

Item. Furthermore, we request as a parting favor, that, should the financial condition of our estate permit, one of the most modern labor-saving devices be purchased and presented to the Physical laboratory, as a fit and lasting tribute to the memory of the Class of 1911.

We hereby appoint our principal, who has so ably guided us through the many vicissitudes of our high-school life, sole executor of this our Last Will and Testament.

Lastly, we hereby revoke and make void all former wills by us at any time made.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

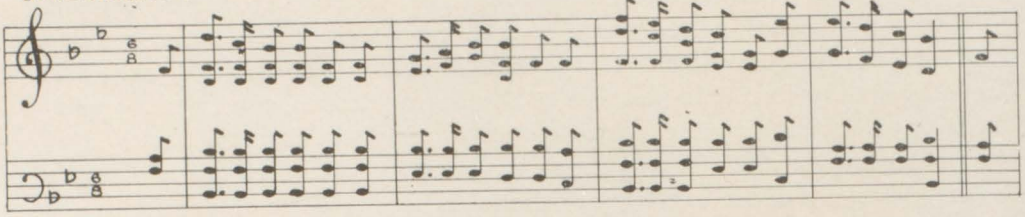
ALBERTA SHREVE.

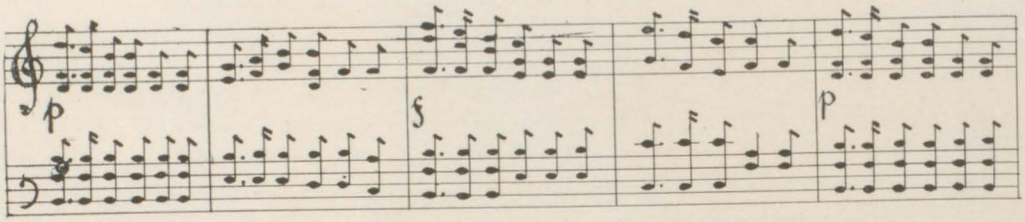
# Class Song

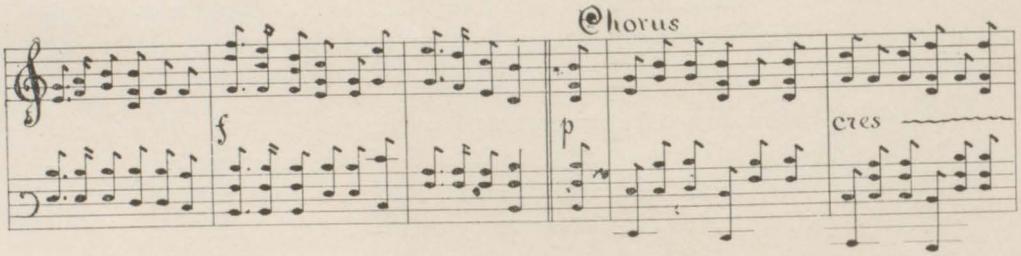
Piano

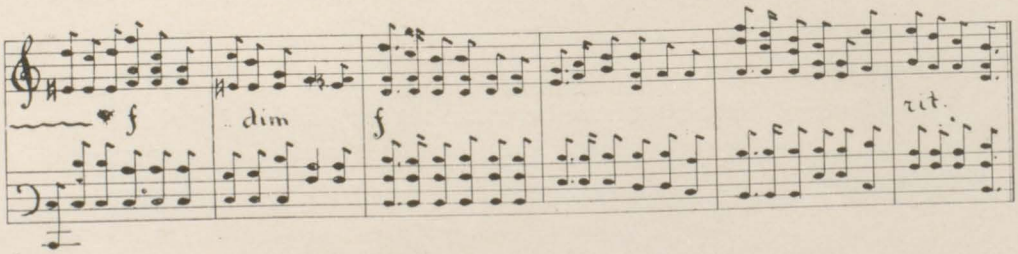
Words and Music by
Florence Gallagher

Intro. Moderato





# Class Song

Dear month of roses with greetings of gladness,
We join in joy's message with hearts full of praise.
Tho' June with her beauties oft fills us with sadness,
She ever will bring us the dreams of dear days.

Chorus—Dear class-room companions, all hail! lift our colors.
Come join in our chorus in tones sweet and strong.
Tho' here we are parting, bright days lie before us,
And faith in their promise shall lead us along.

The green and the golden of youth's first impressions,
Will live in our hearts when grim care holds her sway,
And we will remember through all life's digressions
The precepts so pure which we carry away.

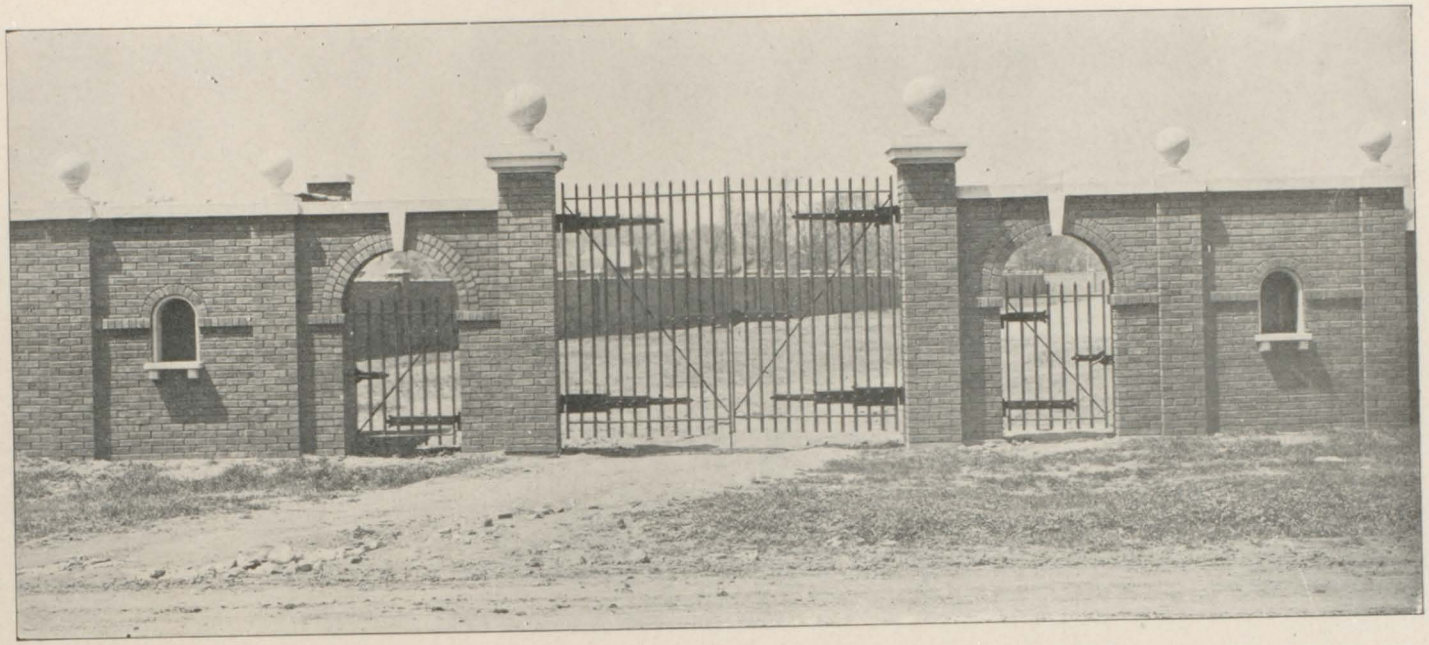
Now here's to historians, scholars and sages,
Who lent to our learning the lore of the years,
And here's to the dear student days of all ages,
A toast to their glory in laughter and tears.

# Farewell

Hear the bugle calling, calling—
Calling all the Class of 'Leven;
Each and every one must answer,
For today we sail abroad.
See the Boat with colors streaming,
Waiting at the shore of Knowledge
To convey these honored grads
To the far and unknown Land.
'Tis a mighty Ship we see:
Four years passed e'er it was wrought;
Out of staunch Arithmetic,
German, French and Algebra;
Physics, English, Latin, too, and
For its masts stern History.
For our Master, Saginaw High,
Taught us to choose the stoutest timbers,
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Near the water's edge the many
Multitudes stand ready, waiting
To bid their dear ones fond adieu.
Hearken to the coming of the
Loved ones that are leaving,
Leaving now the Fields of Learning
For a wide and unknown Land.
They are warbling an accustomed tune
Which the good, old Master taught them;
More distinct becomes the music,
Soon the Class comes into view.
Then our President clears a passage—
Out of Nature's own bright garb.
On a carpet green and velvet,
Vaulted with the sky's deep blue, he
Leads us bravely onward.

But at the parting brink we tarry,
Look across the trodden Land,
See the Master towering over,
Black and Gold the flag he waves;
Gaze upon our willing helpmates,
Give a salute to bid farewell.
Then the bugle sounds again
One last long, and mournful tone;
And among the splashing waters
Sounds of many good-byes mingle.
Then a bound, a leap, farewell,
We have gone, ne'er to return!
Slowly, backward, now return our
Comrades left upon the shore,
Back across the well-known Meadows,
Back to the Master left behind.
Then a thought to every one
Entered as they homeward trod:
"We shall soon these Pastures leave
For the longed-for Lands of Fate,
For the Lands we've strived forever—
On this selfsame Boat the 'Fortune.'
Then we'll pursue our chosen Pathways
When we've reached Reality."

EDNA H. SCHULZ.



ALUMNI FIELD

# Alumni Field

Our new athletic field or "Alumni Field," as it will hereafter be called, is, with the possible exception of Ferry Field at Ann Arbor, the best athletic field in the state, and undoubtedly one of the best high school fields in the country.

Let us go back to the early history of the field, and see how this was first made possible. On December 30, 1909, a meeting was called at the Masonic Temple, to which all alumni of the Saginaw High School were invited. The purpose of the meeting was to organize a Saginaw High School Alumni Association. Melville D. Brooks was elected president. The main subject discussed at this meeting was the proposal of furnishing the school with an athletic field. With very few exceptions the proposal met with favor by all those present. A committtee composed of Melville D. Brooks, Arthur Eddy, E. C. Mershon, W. W. Warner, S. L. Eastman, Raymond Madden, Hon. W. R. Burt and W. A. Brewer was appointed. This committee was to look for a suitable place where the field might be laid out, and then to raise the necessary funds to build it. The committee, after a thorough investigation, decided that the tract of land bounded by Sheridan, Remington, Brown and Phelon streets was the best location for the field. Through the center of the field ran a path, which, according to the city map, was known as Cedar street. As the piece of land would be of no good as long as this path ran through it, a petition was sent to the common council for permission to close up Cedar street.

At the next meeting of the council the petition was presented before a large audience composed mostly of the high school students and alumni. The part of the students was ably taken by Wihtred Cook of the class of 1910. After hearing other speeches for and against closing the street, the council granted the petition.

Now that the location of the field had been determined, the committee set about raising necessary funds to buy and equip the field. To start the committee off right the Board of Education granted $4,500 toward the field, the money to be used in the construction of a brick wall to surround the field. The committee meanwhile had raised enough money to pay for the field outright. Along with this good news came

a gift of $150 from each of the classes of 1910 and 1911, to be used in the purchase of memorial gates in memory of our late principal, Webster Cook. The school went farther than this to show their appreciation of the work that the "Alumni Association" was doing in their behalf: the Athletic Association contributed $500 toward the field; the opera "Pinafore," presented by the musical clubs of the school, netted $300 more.

But now to refer to the result of the unceasing efforts of the alumni, together with that of the students, and see how the field will appear when completed.

As has been previously stated, a seven-foot wall of paving brick surrounds the field. At the southeasterly corner of the field on Sheridan avenue, the main entrance will be located. It is here that the memorial gates donated by the classes of 1910 and 1911 will probably be erected. At the extreme southeast corner of the field the dressing rooms will be built. These will in time be equipped with shower-baths and other facilities. A modern grandstand will also be erected at the southeast part of the field, while along the south side parallel with Remington street, bleachers will be constructed.

A running track is laid off around the field, three feet from the inner circle of the track, the circumference being one-quarter of a mile. The track in this respect is similar to a race track. The part of the track running past the bleachers at the south side of the field has a one-hundred-yard straightaway, this part being twenty-four feet wide, thus affording room for many runners at the same time.

The land within the circumference of the track is ample for a football gridiron and a baseball field. It is also planned to have an outdoor basket-ball court and several tennis courts. The latter will be undoubtedly welcomed by the girls of the school.

After having read this brief account of the history of the field, together with the description of the appearance of the field when completed, I think you will agree that "Alumni Field" is one of the best fields of its kind in the country.

Therefore, on behalf of the school at large, I take great pleasure in thanking Melville D. Brooks, together with the members of the Alumni Association, in their unceasing efforts in establishing for the school something that has long been needed and which will long stand as a credit to the school and with honor and as a memorial towards an Association which justly deserves credit.

JESSE S. RICH.

# ENGLISH

## The Public Speaking Sections---A Plea

During the past four years a great deal has been accomplished in the way of developing the mental activities of High School pupils by encouraging their appearance in public speaking both in the various rhetorical sections and in public before the whole school. A wide range of topics have been discussed, ancient, mediaeval and modern. The main purpose of this, I take it, is to give the High School student the faculty of expressing himself easily and well if ever he should be called upon to appear before an audience, whether that audience be but one of the numerous private clubs, local societies, or one of national importance. This is best accomplished by successful debates.

By a successful debate, I mean a debate the subject for which has been examined, weighed and adjusted by the student. As a rule, whenever a pupil is given a topic for discussion, he rushes to the library, harrasses the librarian for material and with implicit faith in the printed page of the periodicals or books, proceeds to write his argument to the best of his ability. But such ability is trivial. It is not a great proof of intelligence to be able to rewrite what another has written. Why does he not take up a subject which personally interests his school instead of one that has puzzled the heads of world famous philosophers? Simply because the material offered at the public library is not so concise, perhaps not so complete, possibly because there is no material. He does not know what to put aside as unnecessary, what may be granted for the sake of the argument, and on what evidence to base his proof. He does not know how to think for himself. That is the reason. He is unable to form just judgments on the question at issue. Or, if perhaps he is able

to weigh the evidence on either side, he is not broad minded or liberal enough to be unprejudiced in his ideas, his convictions are too much the result of feeling and too little those of right thinking. He refuses to recognize truths which make against the side he has chosen. College professors complain of this fact and lay the blame on both schools and colleges. They assert that too much importance has been attached to the presentation of thought and too little to training pupils to think. George P. Baker, assistant professor of English at Harvard, has this to say on the subject:

"I believe that in the boarding schools and high schools of the country much more attention should be given to training boys and girls to think and that, as the quickest means to this end, the teaching of argumentation should be developed in these schools; for, properly taught, it creates or develops a love of thinking for its own sake, fair mindedness and a just sense of proportion."

To think for himself is essential to the efficiency of every man, to the efficiency of the laborer and that of a statesman. It is altogether impossible for a man at thirty-five or forty to think for himself if he has never exercised his thinking apparatus before. He must be taught when his mind is most easily developed and influenced, and that is during the period in which he attends high school.

It is true that some of our rhetorical sections give debates in an enterprising manner. But in most of them the pupil who is called upon to look up a subject for argument regards the task as something dreadful, grim and horrid, but which must be done somehow or other. So, without any essential preparation, he sets to work. The English instructors recognize this lack of training, but, as is very evident, they assert, they have no time to teach these youthful debaters the construction of a debate. To win the debate should not be the purpose of studying argument but to create in a boy or girl the love of truth from investigation be it for or against his original idea and a desire for constructive thinking.

In order to accomplish this, a class separate from all other classes ought to be established in which High School pupils should be taught how to find the most vital part of the question at hand; to distinguish between assertion and proof; and to test evidence by common sense. After a while facts, theories and evidence can be clearly and easily under-

stood. After the student understands this, he will find it beneficial in all forms of public speaking. Constructive thinking will soon become attractive and an opponent will be regarded not only with hostility, but with interest. If a pupil is forced to analyze both sides of a question by carefully giving the pros and cons of the argument, four important results follows: (1) it will be necessary for him to hear the vital points of both sides of any question that comes up before he will give his opinion; (2) he will have an opinion that is worth while; (3) he will be able to state his opinions to others so that they will clearly understand his views; and (4) most essential of all he will learn that a man who never changes his mind when evidence is brought before him is a moral coward.

Such a study of argumentation will not only be useful in that respect, but it will influence his after life as a whole. He will know upon what in life he can set any regard, what is essential and what is without value. The welfare of the nation has often been threatened by men whose intellectual training has made it impossible for them to see any point in harmony with their own, and will be threatened for many years to come unless something is done to make good citizens out of the youth of the land. Such narrow mindedness would soon be eliminated by careful training. It is the duty and the purpose of every school to give the nation what it most needs, intelligent citizens.

HERTHA LUELLEMANN.

# A Daughter of the Rebellion

## Or, A Tale of 1781.

"Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy!"

Judith Fennington's grey eyes danced defiantly as she stood on tiptoe to light the tallest taper on the mantlepiece, humming the spirited ditty, meanwhile, with a vigor worthy of staunch Colonel Fennington's only daughter. A sweet-faced lady across the room looked up and smiled at this sudden burst of patriotism, but her face sobered as she turned again to her work. The mellow, flickering light of the numerous candles streamed across the scene, softening the severity of the stiff colonial furniture, and lessening the height of the imposing Virginian walls. Judith glided hither and thither drawing the blinds, her pink flowered dress brightening the dusky corners and lending energy to the scene.

Mrs. Fennington sat near one of the tapers with the fluttering beams falling fantastically across her snowy matron's cap and gentle, troubled face. She was hastily finishing a brightly colored quilt, which, with other necessities, was to be sent to the Continental Army next morning, and doubtless her thoughts went with it to the dark camp beside the river, where her husband was serving his country under General Green. Judith pulled forward a low chair and dropped down to assist her. The two worked swiftly and silently. The tall clock in the hall pealed forth seven deep strokes, still neither raised her head.

Without the mansion the still, white moonlight flecked the shadowy terraces and silvered the calm River York, stretched like a broad ribbon

in the distance. Before the house the dusty road wound, transformed, among the shadowy trees. All lay silent and watchful.

Suddenly a sound broke, breaking the moonlit hush. Louder and louder it echoed; first a muffled thud, then the ringing clatter of horses hoofs as they beat the resounding stones; and soon the stifled murmur of gruff voices mingled with them. The trees rustled their foliage menacingly, and the broad York roared in the distance, but the inhabitants of the mansion worked on unwarned.

Around the turn in the road four foaming horses galloped, and before the unsuspecting mansion four surly red-coated officers dismounted.

"Not a rebel in sight!" reported one who seemed to lead the others, in a smothered tone. "Hurry, now! Cornwallis will reward us."

It is well that the confident officers did not look back again, for hardly had they reached the steps before the shadowy figure of a fifth horse emerged slowly from among the trees. The rider dismounted cautiously and after leading his beast back in the shadow, pulled his slouch hat further over his eyes and wended his way silently toward the house.

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The tall clock by the staircase struck the half hour with a deep reverberating dong. It echoed through the massive chambers and high entries like a signal. The girl bending over the gay patchwork raised her head with a start.

"Mother, what was that?"

"The clock, Judith. Don't look so frightened. I fear you are sewing too long. There, run away, now; I can soon finish this."

"No, mother!" Judith had sprung to her feet, alert as a young sentinel. "I don't mean the clock, but— There, that! Don't you hear? Hark!"

There was a thud, a tramp of feet, then a violent pounding at the heavy front portal. Mrs. Fennington's face turned white, and the fingers with which she tried to calmly fold her work trembled suspiciously. She glanced anxiously at her daughter, but the girl's attitude did not betray agitation; her gray eyes bore a desperate, determined look, but that was all. Mrs. Fennington laid aside her work and, possessing herself of one of the tall candles on the mantlepiece, made her way by its dim, uncer-

tain light through the dark recesses of the long hall. The constant, insolent poundings filled her heart with strange misgivings, and her fingers blundered as she drew the heavy lock and opened the door.

"Stand aside!" commanded a gruff voice. "We have a warrant to search this house!"

Four burly red-coats brushed the startled mistress of the mansion rudely aside, and the heavy tread of their coarse boots on the polished floor awakened strange echoes.

"The British have been informed, Madame," a surly-faced officer explained roughly, "that this rebel colony of Virginia has secreted in your house gold and valuable papers for the support and assistance of a nest of traitors who call themselves the 'Continental Army!' This valuable assistance you forward to them in an unknown way. In the name of the English Government and the troops stationed in these colonies to assist in putting down this rebellion, I order you to bring forth the documents and money or submit this house to search!"

Mrs. Fennington's kindly eyes flashed indignantly at this insolent speech, but her countenance turned very pale as she stepped aside to let them pass. With heavy, dignified tread they issued from one room to another, prying into the secrets of each in turn in obedience to the laconic commands of their leader.

Meanwhile, Judith stood motionless in the center of the library. The bright color of her dress contrasted strangely with her white face, and her eyes stared desperately in the dim light.

"What can I do? How can I save them?" she whispered over and over to herself. And always the same answer returned to her mind, "There is no time to do anything now!"

Suddenly, as she stood there, listening frantically to the gruff sounds in the adjoining room, a low call like the cry of the whip-poor-will floated faintly in from without. The girl started, and her face turned a trifle paler; then her eyes brightened, and she stole to the window and raised it stealthily. Leaning hastily across the low sill, she murmured another note, strikingly like the one she had heard.

"Judith!" whispered a voice from the darkness beneath the window.

"David Baxter!" she cried softly. "Where on earth——"

"Hush, hush, Judith! Never mind that now! Lean down. Quick! Quick!"

The girl grasped the sill and leaned over as far as she dared. When she rose from that position her eyes were sparkling, and two bright spots burned in her cheeks. She glided into the center of the room, and stood silent for a moment, listening. The heavy footsteps were ascending the stairs. She peered sharply around. There was no one near to observe. Hurrying, she lifted a rug, and dropped to her knees on the floor with her back to the door.

The resounding steps were coming nearer and nearer; they approached the door. Judith sprang up hastily and kicked the rug in place. The soldiers were entering, and she stared about her wildly, like a deer that is surrounded by the hounds. Then suddenly her eyes lighted. Hastily grasping the neatly folded quilt she flew to a chair, and, letting the bright shower of color flow over her lap, began to take long, frantic stitches in the material. One of the younger officers leered at her insolently, and muttered something which caused his companions to laugh uproariously, but Judith's brown head only bent lower over her work.

The officers proceeded to disarrange the room generally. Once something clinked and a paper rattled. The leader scowled suspiciously at Judith.

"Look under the quilt in that girl's lap!" he thundered.

The insolent young officer advanced and lifted the bright square of patchwork, carelessly. Nothing lay concealed on the pink dress beneath.

"Foiled the old Lieutenant that time, you pretty little rebel," he grinned in a hoarse whisper.

The gray eyes regarded him icily, but they sparkled mischievously after he had turned away. Judith bent her head once more over her work, but a close observer would have noticed that she was no longer sewing.

The Lieutenant was fuming over his poor success when, accidentally, one of the under officers stumbled and barely saved himself the embarrassment of measuring his sprawling length upon the floor by clutching desperately at one of the high-backed chairs.

"You clumsy clown!" glared his superior. "You London——" but

here he broke off the uncomplimentary epithets, which were caused more by the ill temper into which he had merged because of the poor success of his undertaking than any personal dislike of his young inferior. But his eyes gleamed as he hastened forward and kicked aside the rug.

"The tricks of these rebels are beyond all comprehension!" he growled, but there was an exultant ring in his voice as he knelt on the floor with his officers gathered around him.

Mrs. Fennington, standing in the doorway and still desperately grasping the candle which she had neglected to set down, felt her last faint hope desert her as she witnessed this last action. Across the room, Judith, her eyes riveted on the group, folded the quilt with swift, silent fingers. She rose cautiously; the red spots in her cheeks burned deeper. For an instant she gazed intently at the red-coats. The Lieutenant was lifting a loose board from the floor; there was an exultant hush. Swiftly she edged toward the open window, the quilt tucked under her arm, and, pausing at the sill, she waited. Her mother's eyes were fixed upon her, but the red-coats were breathlessly intent upon a hole in the floor. With a deft movement she lowered the quilt and dropped it out of the window.

Simultaneously came a ringing cry of defeat and the Lieutenant rose with an empty leather pouch in his hand. Judith flashed her mother a triumphant smile, and hastily left the room.

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Twilight was fast settling over the small camp beside the murmuring river. The scanty supply of half-used candles had been lit and were sending feeble rays out across the water. In one of the better apartments, an elderly man was bending intently over a wide sheet of paper on a small wooden table. His head rested on his palms and the unsteady candle at his elbow disclosed an anxious scowl and the lines in his forehead.

"May I enter, sir?"

The figure at the table pushed aside his paper with a sigh.

"Certainly," he responded.

The door opened and a soldier in Continental uniform crossed the

threshold, hat in hand. A smile broke over the face of the elder man as he entered.

"Well, David," he questioned, "what luck?"

The young soldier smiled rather regretfully.

"Extremely good luck—considering the circumstances, Colonel Fennington."

The older officer glanced up sharply.

"Circumstances? What do you mean?"

"Well, sir," began David Baxter, "when I begged General Green to go to Virginia for the gold and the supplies this time, I did so because I thought I might be able to see Mother a minute, and also Mrs. Fennington, and——" the tell-tale color crept up over his frank, tanned face, "and Judith."

"Yes," assented the Colonel with a twinkle in his eyes, "I understood that was your purpose."

"I traveled quickly," David hurried on, "and found myself about to arrive at the plantation an evening earlier than I had expected. As I was approaching within three miles of my destination, four suspicious-looking red-coats, riding at full gallop, turned into the road. I determined to keep them within my sight, and spurred my horse, also, on to a brisk gallop. I followed them thus for the whole three miles, and what was my consternation to see them finally dismount in front of your mansion." Here David paused for breath, and Colonel Fennington muttered something between his teeth and turned a trifle pale.

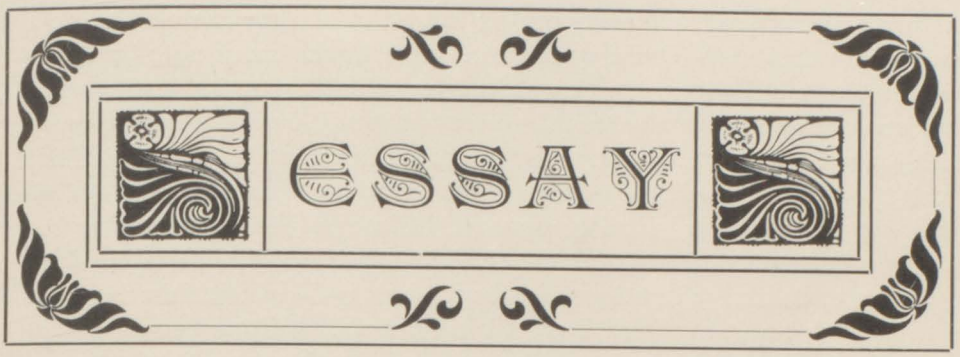
"I dismounted and followed them," continued the young Continental. "I suspected their object, and my fears were confirmed, as, through the windows, I saw them trampling about searching for something. I knew that Mrs. Fennington always hid the gold under a loose board in the library floor, and I felt sure that they would find it. I hurried around to the library window and signaled. Fortunately Judith heard me and opened the window. I told her to get the treasure and toss it out to me before they reached the library. She hastened back to do this, but evidently she was intercepted by the entrance of the British, for I waited under the window for nearly half an hour before anything happened.

"I was beginning to despair, when suddenly, something soft and

fluffy dropped upon my very head. One corner hit the ground with a heavy thud. I stooped and picked up a newly finished quilt, and in the bright moonlight I tore open a few stitches in the heavy corner. Yes, sure enough! The bright gold and the white paper gleamed in the pale light. Judith had sewn them in under their very noses, bless her!"

"Bless her!" echoed the Colonel. "Bless her and you, you loyal young patriots! We could ill afford to have lost that aid just now. Take the quilt straight in to General Green—stay! Then come in here again, I want to speak to you about Judith. Bless them!" he murmured again, and his eyes were misty as the straight young figure disappeared through the low door.

IRMA M. RICE.




# Optimism

"The man worth while is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

Thus spoke the pen of one of the present day authors, and it spoke in a language intelligible to all, for we know it means that "The darkest night will end," that the man who is a friend worth having, who will succeed in spite of all opposing forces, is the optimist, the one who knows that "Whatever is, is best."

An optimist—one who has the spirit of optimism—but what is that? It is something one cannot touch or see. Yet it is that which makes the people of this world happy, satisfied, and better prepared for this life and the life to come. Optimism is something in one's soul, something that says, when the world seems cold and cruel, when friends have deserted one, when nothing but slurs and scathing words come one's way, "Do not complain, there is a reason for this trouble; the unkindness you suffer today will make you bear tomorrow's burdens better."

The father of Optimism, as well as of Pessimism, was Plato, an ancient Greek philosopher, and connected with the Academy, one of the Greek schools of philosophy. Optimism has continued through all the ages and is found in Wolff and Pope, who, with their noble ideas of the subject, show marked contrast to the present-day impression that an optimist is one who makes lemonade out of a lemon thrown at him.

There are many examples of optimists—people who lived on this

earth, and struggled against opposing forces, until they were taken to a land where there is no pain or sorrow. One of the most noteworthy is Milton, the blind poet. He can indeed be called an optimist, for when the sun rose and gradually traveled across the sky, lighting up the earth with many hues; when the flowers blossomed forth and turned their fairy faces toward the gentle rain-drops, or the smiling Apollo; yes, when all nature was clothed in gorgeous apparel, Milton saw it not; nothing but darkness greeted him; still, he did not become dejected and despondent, but gave to future generations wonderful poems filled with the beauties of the world, beauties which he could not behold. Milton was an optimist, in the true sense of the word, for, as Wadsworth says of him:

> "So didst thou travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness."

Again we see the spirit of optimism predominant in our pilgrim forefathers. It was a gloomy November day when they landed on this continent, a small handful of them, among strange surroundings. During the following year their lives were full of sorrow and misery. Many a dear one was taken from amongst their midst; many suffered from hunger and cold, but they knew their cause was just, and that whatever came to them was for the best, so after a year of hardships they offered thanks to the Power above, and rejoiced and feasted, for they knew that all would end well.

Another optimist, who is very dear to us, is the rail splitter. He fought against numerous adverse circumstances, and brought himself from a lowly cabin boy to an inhabitant of the White House—the greatest honor man can obtain . His life was full of work and worry, but he rose above it all, for he knew that "Every cloud has a silver lining," and "every" cloud included his.

Turning from flesh and blood heroes to those pictured in fiction, we find many. Mr. Peggotty in "David Copperfield," is an excellent example of an optimist, while the old widow, Mrs. Gummidge, who lived in the same boat that Mr. Peggotty did, displays the spirit of pessimism, with her complaints and familiar remark, "I am a lone lorn creetur." Mrs. Wiggs, of the famous cabbage patch, one of the twentieth century heroines, who was burdened with trouble enough to bury any ordinary person, remarked, optimistically, "I'm thankful I ain't got a hair lip,"

while "Ophelia" writes on her slate, "If yu must rap—rap up a smile & send it tu somebody," also "When yu ketch yur face frouning—revurse."

As for pessimism, it is the direst enemy that optimism has. All ye whiny complainers, all ye people who object to what ye have and know your neighbor is better blessed with this world's goods; all ye who think that ye could excel your friend at some task; all ye who criticise your fellowmen, should know what Alexander Smith says:

> "Although its heart is rich in pearls and ores,
> The sea complains upon a thousand shores:
> Sea-like, we foam forever."

Let us imagine we are looking through a family album, and as we turn the pages let us examine the faces we see. Perhaps the first picture we notice is an elderly woman dressed in a black alpaca, with a worried look in her eyes; a frown upon her forehead; her jaws closed tight and the corners of her mouth drawn down. With a shudder we turn the page. Such a face shows a person who was dissatisfied with life; she looked as though the things that had come her way had been for the worst; as though the world had given her no pleasure. The next picture presents the face of a youth just entering into manhood, and although his chin showed determination, a twinkle was evident in his eye; a smile upon his lips. Ah! An Optimist! One contented with his lot. He looked as though he thought that everything was satisfactory, but that he was ready for trouble, and when it came he could meet it face to face and defeat it.

Now let us close the album and place optimism and pessimism on the scale and weigh them. What good is pessimism? Has it ever helped anyone to resist affliction? No! And when burdens were laid upon the pessimist he could not bear the weight, or when happiness came his way he shied from it, for surely, the reaction after joy and pleasure would make his life worse than it ever was before. Whereas the optimist would pick trouble up, laugh at it, until in disgust it would fly away. Watch! The balance is tipping, slowly but surely optimism is gaining; it is heavier. Quick, let us take it, because we all wish to get as much as possible out of this life, and as optimism has proved itself to be more than pessimism we must reach for it before it is too late.

Oh fellowmen, let us all strive to be a member of the great army of optimists, and be able to smile when trouble comes our way, and know that is for the best. When we are solving the most difficult problems that will come to us in future life; when everything has gone against us; when it appears as though we never again could get our heads above water, let us then smile and keep on struggling, fighting against the evil enemies who are trying to down us, and, although the battle may be hard, we will conquer if we keep a stiff upper lip; help other brethren who are in trouble, and retain a conscience which knows that all will turn out well in the end. And instead of doing like the pessimist who bit the silvel lining of his cloud to see if it was good, know that the lining is not merely genuine silver, but really gold unalloyed.

LORNA CAROLINE BLISS.

# LATIN

## Unus Dies in Attici Vita

Pulchro auctumnali die, Cicerone et Antonio consulibus, Titus Pomponius Atticus ante lucem e somno corripuit ut commentarium causae pro cliente scriberet. Hoc opere facto, simplex jentaculum de pani tincto in melle et oleis atque caseo edit.

Vix mandata procuratori dederat cum clientes, cupidi dicendi salutationes, in atrio jam essent. Postquam clientes consilium et auxilium ab eo acceperunt, Atticus, comitatus ab his clientibus et quibusdam amicis, qui domi convenerant, in Forum processit. Ejus nomenclator prope eum spatatus est, qui prohibuit quominus de nominibus atque personis erraret.

Nunc circiter hora tertia fuit et postquam Ciceronis in Catilinam, orationem primam habitam in senatu audivit, domum ad quintam horam reversus est. Deinde pran-

## A Day in the Life of Atticus

One fine autumn day during the consulship of Cicero and Antonius, Titus Pomponius Atticus arose before dawn to write a brief for a client. After he had finished this task, he ate his simple morning meal of bread dipped in honey, olives and cheese.

He had scarcely given his steward his orders for the day, when his clients were in the atrium anxious to give him their greetings. After the clients had received advice and help from him, Atticus, accompanied by these clients and some friends who had gathered at his house, proceeded to the Forum. Close beside him walked his nomenclator, who kept him from making mistakes as to names and persons.

It was now about the third hour (8:30) and after listening to Cicero's first oration against Catiline, delivered in the senate, he returned home at the end of the

dium edit quod ex pani, lactucae acetariis, oleis, caseo, frigida carne constitit et secunda mensa fuit fructus, muces, et papavera mixta melle.

Tum Atticus meridiationis causa, quae duas horas mansit, secessit. Post hanc fuit paratus ad lavationem; itaque, etiam nunc amicis comitatus, lautissimas thermas petivit. Lavatio ipsa otio et ambulatione secuta est dum novissimam famam de Catilinae conjuratione accepit atque aut novissimum poema audivit aut fortasse etiam paulum garrivit. Deinde fuit summa res diei, cena.

Sex homines adfuerunt: Atticus, et amicus Cicero et Cato Uticensis et Marcus Brutus et Julius Caesar et Lucius Lutatius Catulus. Postquam deos invocaverunt atque omnes in lectis locos sumpserunt, soleae remotae et manus lavatae sunt; tum edere coeperunt.

Primum gustus fuit, ostrae, asparagus ovumque, lactuca atque caepa. Cum eis cibis mulsum, vinum cum melle, biberunt. Tum cena secuta est quae fuit juvenis haedi, pulli, recentis brassicae, fabae et parvi vini. Secunda mensa fuit haec: castaneae, vinum, cicer, pira, oleae et alii fructus.

fifth hour (11). He then ate his lunch, which consisted of bread, lettuce salad, olives, cheese, cold meats, with fruits, nuts, and poppies mixed with honey for dessert.

Now Atticus retired for his midday siesta which lasted for two hours. After this he was ready for his bath; so, still accompanied by his friends, he made his way to a splendid bath-house. The bath itself was followed by a rest, and a promenade, while he received the latest news of the Catilinarian conspiracy and either listened to the newest poems or, perhaps, even gossiped a little. The event of the day, the dinner, now came.

There were six men present: Atticus, his friend Cicero, Cato the Younger, Marcus Brutus, Julius Caesar, and Lucius Lutatius Catulus. After they had invoked the gods and all had taken their places on the couches, their sandals were removed and their hands washed; then the meal began.

First came the appetizer (gustus), which was oysters, asparagus and eggs, lettuce and onions. With this course they drank mulsum, a mixture of wine and honey. Then followed the cena, consisting of young kid, chicken, fresh cabbage, beans and a little wine. The dessert was as follows:

Hae epulae tres horas productae sunt. Tempus in sermone jucunde degerunt atque partes Ciceronis novissimae scripturae recitatae sunt.

Soleae tunc quaesitae sunt, quod fuit signum ad epulam perficiendam, et mox convivae demigraverunt.

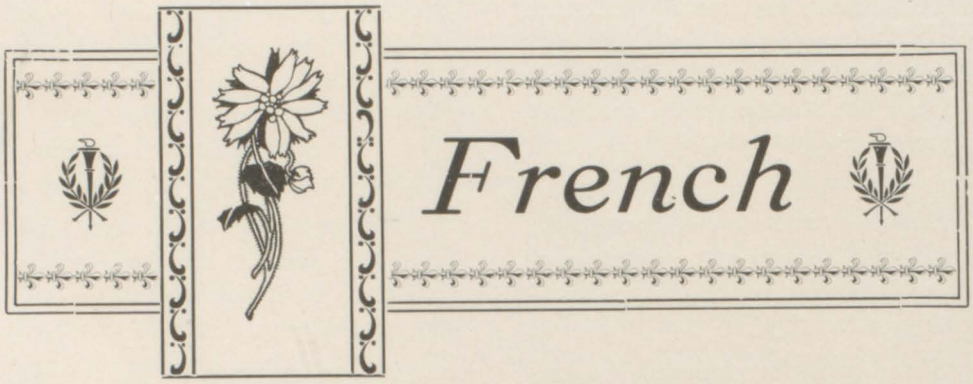
Simul ac omnes iverunt, Atticus secessit, cum tantummodo prima vigilia esset, quod eum paulo ante lucem proximo die surgere oportuit.

chestnuts, wine, parched peas, pears, olives and other fruits. This meal lasted for three hours. The time was pleasantly spent in conversation, and selections from Cicero's latest writings were read.

As a signal that the meal was over, the sandals were called for and the guests immediately took their departure.

As soon as they all had gone, Atticus retired, although it was only about the first watch, for he must be up before daybreak of the next day.

JULIAETTE TOWNSEND.




# Le Tour de Paris.

Quand le voyageur est arrivé au Havre, il ne doute pas qu'il ne soit en France, parceque tout le monde parle le français; mais si rapidement qu'il a de la peine à le comprendre. Cependant s'il a l' intention d' aller à Paris ,il ne faut pas attendre longtemps pour payer les droits de douane, acheter un billet, et il sera bientôt comfortablement placé en route à Paris, sa destination.

La route de Paris est très belle, le train est vite et comfortable, et la métropole est atteinte dans moins de quartre heures.

On arrive à la gare St. Lazare, bâtiment immense et magnifique. Si l' on parle français on s' épargne beaucoup de peine; car il n' est pas nécessaire prendre un interprète. Trouver le bagage, prendre une voiture, s' accomplit facilement, et en peu de moments le voilà arrivé à son hôtel. Maintenant voir la belle Paris, et il y a beaucoup de choses à voir!

Un des plus importants et probablement le plus attrayant objet d' intérêt est le Louvre, ce palais magnifique avec ses collections de tableaux, de sculptures, etc., qui sont merveilleuses, incomparables et inestimables. Il vaut mieux dévouer plusieurs visites courtes plutôt qu' une seule visite longue, parce qu' il y a beaucoup de curiosités à voir. Ce salon de sculptures et de peintures présente quelque chose de nouveau et d'intéressant à chaque visite.

Après avoir vu le Louvre il n' est pas grande distance à l' Hôtel des Invalides, qui est situé de l' autre côté de la Seine. Ici on trouve le

tombeau de l' Empereur Napoléon, le plus fameux homme que la France ait jamais produit et peut-être le plus grand général que le monde ait jamais vu. C' est un moment solennel et imposant, qu' on n' oubliera jamais.

Maintainment l' aprèsmidi est probablement finie. Il faudra retourner à l' hôtel pour le dîner. Ensuite vient le soir, et le soir à Paris est plein d' intérêt. Vraiment il n' y a pas de place dans le monde entier qui se compare avec Paris au soir. Le mouvement et la gaieté sont partout évidents. Il est particulièrement intéressant de voir la vie des Parisiens au soir. Les myriades des lumières électriques et la foule de monde mangeant et buvant dans les cafés et sur les trottoirs, font un tableau très pittoresque.

Peut-être que pendant votre promenade vous passerez devant l' Opéra. Il serait bien d' entrer, parce que l' architecture et les décorations sont magnifiques et le programme de musique est toujours excellent.

La cathédrale de Notre Dame est bien digne de notre considération pour un jour. Il y a beaucoup d' autres églises qui sont aussi intéressantes. Une des plus belles est L' Eglise lu Sacré Coeur, située sur le plus haut terrain de Paris.

Une autre vue par laquelle Paris est fameux, est la tour Eiffel, incomparablement imposante dans sa grandeur. Il faut aussi visiter les Halles où les Parisiens trouvent tout à manger, pour comprendre un autre trait de leur vie. C' est un grand bâtiment qui contient beaucoup de boutiques pour vendre des légumes et des viandes.

Après cette visite il sera bien visiter les grands magasins qui sont très nombreux à Paris. Ils sont très sembables aux magasins de Wanamaker et Marshal Field dans notre pays, et ils sont également bien conduits. Le magasin principal de la ville est le Bon Marché. Ici la plupart d' un jour serait passée avec plaisir et avec profit, et on le trouvera très difficile de résister à la temptation de faire des emplettes. Cette maison comerciale est conduite sur un plan de coopération, originé par ce magasin.

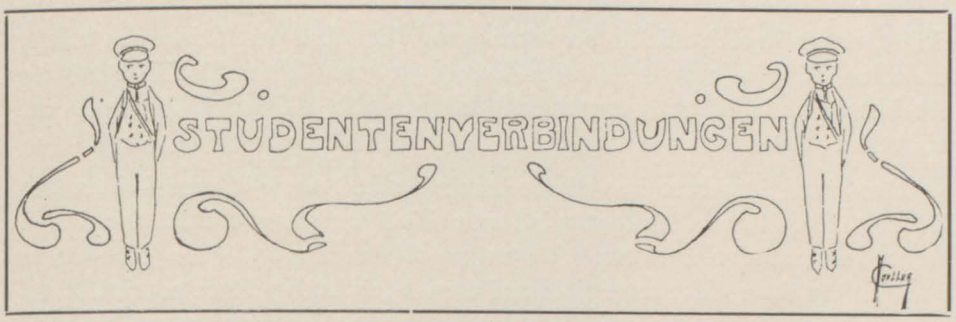
En achetant à Paris on ne doit pas manquer de faire une visite à la Rue de la Paix où l' on trouvera les meilleurs étalages de bijouterie, lingerie, marchandises de mode et toutes les choses si précieuses aux coeurs

féminins. Cette rue est très courte. Elle commence à L' Avenue de L'Opéra et finit à La Place Vendôme mais probablement plus d' argent est representé ici qu' ailleurs.

C' est toujours un grand plaisir d' aller en voiture autour de la ville, parce que les rues, les avenues, et les boulevards sont pleins d' intérêt, et beaucoup d' heures de jouissance seront passées de cette manière. La route la plus belle pour une promenade en voiture commence au jardin des Tuileries en s' étendant par La Place de la Concorde, l' avenue des Champs-Elysées et près de L' Arc de Triomphe de Napoléon, alors par L' Avenue Bois de Boulogne, quand on se trouve dans le Bois méme, un parc énorme, sans égal dans le monde entier.

Paris a beaucoup de parcs et d' autres places d' intérêt dignes d' être vues et du commencement à la fin le tour de la ville donne un panorama qu'on doit voir pour l'apprécier complètement. Je pourrais continuer indéfinitivement, mais je conclurai ici avec l' injonction, "Voyez Paris s' il est possible!"

E. E. EWEN.




Mit halb-geschlossenen Augen lehnt sich der Studio in seinen Stuhl zurück, unachtsam der schönen Aussichten, die wie Traumbilder an den Fenstern des Eisenbahnwagens vorbei eilen. Er will sich schönere Szenen einbilden—Szenen des reizenden Lebens, in welches er soeben eintreten soll. Er ist mit der Einschränkung des Gymnasiums fertig; er geht auf die Universität. Schon naht er sich dem ersehnten Ziel. Ungeduldig zieht der Studio die Taschenuhr hervor. Schon halb zwölf und noch nicht da! In diesem Augenblick öffnet sich die Tür, der Schaffner kündigt laut den Namen der berühmten Universitätsstadt an, und wirf dann die Tür wieder zu. Endlich mit einem Ruck steht der Zug still. Der Studio greift sein Gepäck und steigt die Treppe rasch hinunter, um sich mitten in einem wogenden Meer von bunten Mützen zu finden. Die roten, blauen, gelben, und schwarzen Kappen der Studenten tauchen auf und nieder, indem sie alte Freunde begrüssen oder neue Bekanntschaften willkommen heissen. Wie wohl stehen die Mützen den genarbten Gesichtern an! Dem Fuchs schwillt das Herz vor Stolz und Freunde bei dem Gedanken, er solle auch bald die Mütze tragen.

Eine Gruppe Studenten, die neben ihm stehen, nimmt den jungen „Herrn Doktor" in ihre Mitte auf. Sie fühlt sich geehrt, mit ihm ein Zimmer aufzusuchen. Endlich wird eine Bude in einer ruhigen Strasse gefunden. Das Mietsgeschäft abgeschlossen, zieht die ganze Gesellschaft nach den Studentenquartier, um das Mittagsessen einzunehmen. Indem die Kameraden des Fuchses in den grossen Saal eintreten, werden sie von allen Seiten begrüsst. Alle reichen dem „Herrn Doktor" die brüderliche Rechte, indem ihnen ein heimliches Lächeln um die Lippen spielt. Es wird dem neuen Fuchs, der Universität, der Fakultät, den Studenten und allen Freunden der Studenten lustig zugetrunken, und fröhlich wird gesungen. Allmählich wird der Keilfuchs so umnebelt dasz er endlich

erklärt, er wolle sich mit ihnen verbinden. Ein Ruf des Triumphs bricht von allen Lippen aus,—das Bier hat es getan! Dem Fuchs wird die rote Mütze auf's Haupt gesetzt und das rot-weisse Band über die Brust gebunden. So wird er in das Herz der Verbindung eingenommen.

Das erste Semester nur bleibt unser Freund noch in den Reihen der Füchse. Ein älterer Student wird zum Fuchsmajor erwählt, der einige Füchse einexerzieren muss. Er muss dafür sorgen, dasz ihm seine „Familie" in ihren Klassen sowie auf dem Fechtboden Ehre macht. Zwei oder dreimal die Woche muss der Fuchs auf die Mensur treten, um sich mit allen Regeln der Fechtkunst bekannt zu machen. Aber niemals darf er offen und allein den frechen Jungen bestrafen, der ihn beleidigt hat. Er ist nur ein Fuchs und darf noch nicht dem eignen Willen folgen.

Endlich aber erklärt ihn der Fuchsmajor für bereit. Die Prüfung findet auf der Mensur statt. Die Sekundanten werden gewählt, der Arzt hält seine Instrumente bereit. Die Gegner ziehen einen ledernen Anzug mit ausgepolstertem Kragen und dicken Aermeln an; sie tragen auch eine Art Brille. Sie wählen ihre Waffen und stellen sich einander gegenüber. Auf das Wort des Schiedsrichters, fahren sie an einander und versuchen mit männlichen Streichen, den Gegner in Stücke zu hauen. Endlich gewinnt der Fuchs eine Gelegenheit, den Andern durch einen geschickten Streich zu Boden zu schlagen. Der Schiedsrichter ruft „Halt"; der Artz beschäftigt sich um die beiden blutigen Kämpfer, während die Anderen sich um die Gruppe drängen, um keine der reizenden Umstände zu vermissen. Unser Füchslein hat sich quer über das Antlitz eine klaffende Wunde geholt. Schön! Die soll zu einer hübschen Narbe werden,—die soll ihm das Ordenszeichen sein!

Jetzt ist unser Fuchs ein Völliger Bursch. Jetzt braucht er nicht mehr, heimlich nach dem Walde zu schleichen, um Einem seine Schmach in die Zähne zurück zu werfen. Er darf irgend jemanden herausfordern und offen mit ihm kämpfen. Zuweilen findet der Kampf doch im Walde statt, aber meistens wird er im grossen Saale gefochten.

Die Burschen amüsieren sich auch auf andere Weise. Oft fahren sie mit einem guten Vorrat Bier den ganzen Tag auf dem Fluss. Zuweilen gehen sie zu Ross über die hohen Hügel, und wenn sie an die Spitze eines Hügels gelangen, schauen sie weit und breit über die liebliche Welt umher. Die Studenten mögen am liebsten aber, durch die Wälder und Täler wandern, sich mittags im kühlen Schatten ausruhend, wo eine schäumende Quenne sich aus den Felsen ergiesst. Nach einer

Stunde der stillen Ruhe, setzen sie ihr Wandern fort, endlich an eine Exkneipe auf einer Waldhöhe gelangend. Hier verweilen sie den Rest des Tages und kehren dann abends nach Hause zurück. Sie tragen Fackeln, so dasz sie den Weg durch den Wald finden können; dann werfen sie die Lichter in das dunkle Wasser des Flusses und ziehen beim Mondeslicht in die Stadt wieder hinein.

Viele Kneipen werden selbst in der Stadt gehalten. Das Kneipzimmer ist mit den rot-weissen Fahnen Geschmückt, und zahlreiche Bilder hängen an allen Wänden. Der Kneipsaal wird zu einem Paradies von Glanz und Herrlichkeit bei dem grossen „Kommers," der zum Anfang oder Schluss des Jahres von zwei oder drei befreundeten Korporationen gegeben wird. Dazu werden auch die Damen eingeladen, natürlich aber nur als Zuschauer.

Zuweilen bekommt ein Student eine Art „Wanderlust,"—er ist mit den Kneipen daheim nicht zufrieden,—er will zu einem Städtlein hinaus, wo gutes Bier und ein Paar schöne Augen sind. Da wird er aber entdeckt, er wird von den Burschen gefangen genommen (denn solches Handeln ist gegen die Gebräuche der Verbindung) und in Haft getan. Er wird vielleicht in Schlafrock und Pantoffeln durch die offnen Strassen nach dem Karzer geführt, der in einem alten Turm oder einem ungebrauchten Flügel des Universitätsgebäudes liegt. In diesem „Palais Royal" begegnet der Gefangene anderen Unglücklichen, die ihn mit einem Jubelruf empfangen. Hier vergisst man alle Zwietracht und lebt friedlich neben dem erbittersten Feind. Man muss auch seinen Namen in die Wand einschneiden. Die rohen Möbel und kahlen Wände sind mit zierlichen Zeichen geschmückt: mit den Wappen oder Namen der eingesteckten Studenten und ihrer Verbindungen, auch künstlerischen Gemälden der früheren Gefangenen. Nur die nötigsten Stücke Möbel findet man hier, aber das macht der lustigen Einwohnerschaft nichts aus. Das Einzige ist, es fehlt zum Trinken, und wenn der Karzermeister besonders wachsam ist, werden die Gefangenen fast hoffnungslos. Manchmal bringt ein wohltätiger Besucher ein Paar Flaschen mit, oder wenn das nicht geht, so lassen die Burschen nachts (sie stehn erst an Nachmittag auf und schlafen dann um drei Uhr morgens wieder ein) eine Schnur aus dem Fenster. Sie ziehen dann die Schnur wieder ein, und siehe, es hängt daran ein Korb voll brauner Flaschen! Das heisst eine Art Fischen!

* * * * *

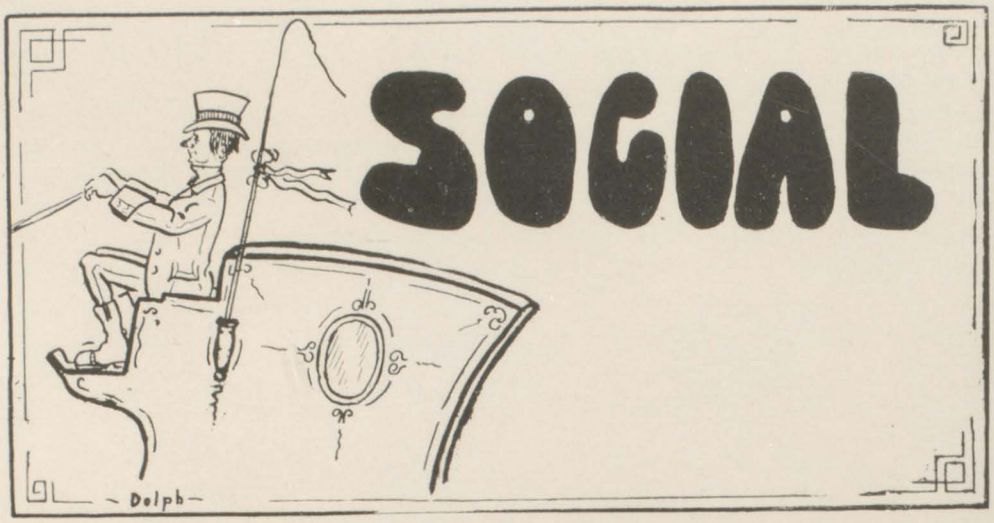
Lasset uns den Burschen in dem Gefängnis ruhig verweilen,—dem Gefängnis in welchem sein Herz auf zurück bleibt, obgleich er schon lange in das wirbelnde Leben der Welt eingetreten ist. Mit sehnenden Schmerzen erinnert sich der Philister der Tage seines Schullebens, wenn zufällig ein altes Studentenlied ihm in das Ohr tönt. Jetzt empfindet er die Wahrheit von Schillers Worten:

„Mit Schmerzenssehnsucht wird sie dich ergreifen
Wenn sie dir anklingt auf fremden Erde."

„Mit Heissen Tränen" sehnt er sich alsdann heim bei seiner „Alma Mater."

CLARA MUELLER.

# SOCIAL




In 1908, as "verdant" Freshmen, we came to High School; so young and unsophisticated were we that we merely looked with big eyes on festivities taking place among the upper classmen.

As studious Sophomores we broke all records, for never did we indulge in such a thing as a spread. We attended strictly to business. How we did envy the Juniors, with all their gaieties. Before many months, however, we ourselves became the "jolly, jolly Juniors."

What an eventful year! The first function the class of '11 attended in a social line was that ever-to-be-remembered "J" Hop.

The evening of December 23, '09, found the gymnasium in the Manual Training building one bower of yellow chrysanthemums and green smilax, representing the class colors. The railing about the running track and the side walls were festooned with these colors. Suspended from the middle of the ceiling were two bells covered with chrysanthemums and smilax. At one end of the gym, on the basket-ball board, was a most skilfully wrought class shield, illuminated with yellow and green lights. At the other end of the gym hung the class banner. Small green and yellow lights hung from the track at equal intervals; yellow and green bunting was draped between.

During the evening, playing at random on the dancers, were colored lights which were provided and skilfully manipulated by a member of our own class, Harold J. Allington.

The whole effect was beautiful and showed artistic taste and clever workmanship. It ought here to be stated that all the decorating, etc., was done by the members of the class of '11 only.

The financial success of the hop was due not only to our own classmates, but also to the support of loyal friends of our class.

On March 14, '10, at the annual Junior Exhibition, our class was represented by Clara Mueller, Alberta Shreve, William S. Baum, Harold Blackney, Eugene Combs, Laura Feige, Hazel Kuebler, Clara Lobsiger, Augusta Otto, Irma Rice, William Shaver and Bernice Woodruff.

The entertainment given by the appointees was unique. It was the First Public Demonstration in America of the 20th Century Wonder, by Herr Professor Doctor Allwissend. This invention enabled the professor to recall from the shades the spirits of any great persons that he chose. Among those selected that evening were Cleopatra, Miss Grundy, Martha Washington, Queen Elizabeth, Darius Green, Gladstone, Priscilla, Lady Jane Grey, Pocahontas and Xantippe. Each appointee represented one of these famous personages in history and story, each character was depicted so faithfully and in so fanciful a manner that everyone was delighted and showed their appreciation by showering the appointees with flowers of all kinds.

On the evening of April 22, our class gave a medley at the Germania. It was the first one ever given in High School, the original idea of our class members. This was a great success in every sense of the word.

The first act was a musical number, "Down at the East Side High," written by Clare Gould and Walter Burdick. The participants in this act were the two composers, Robert Fish and Arthur Wrege.

The second act was entitled "Plantation Song," sung by Margaret Gallagher, who was assisted in the chorus by Robert Fish, Irene Green, Walter Burdick and Arthur Oppermann.

The third act was a Parasol Drill, given by twelve girls from our class, and assisted by Ara Dietz as ballet dancer.

The fourth act was a playlet, "My Turn Next." A very amusing and entertaining comedy, well acted and put on by the following members: Clare Gould, Ralph Loveland, Joe Hendrick, Walter Kalzow, Florence Horzesky, Sarah Lewis and Esther Stafford.

A great share of the success of the medley was due to the untiring

efforts of all those taking part and the aid of the faculty advisors, Misses Brown, Burnham and Barber.

As a fitting close to an evening of real pleasure to everybody, we danced until twelve o'clock.

Perhaps the happiest result of the whole entertainment was the financial success which enabled us to take the Seniors to Wenona on June 26. Two special cars were engaged to transport all members of both classes to Wenona Beach, where a most enjoyable, not to say hilarious afternoon was spent.

A baseball game between the Juniors and Seniors afforded a great deal of amusement; also the various places of entertainment were well patronized. Later in the afternoon in the pavilion a supper was served, which was the close of an enjoyable day, though our fun continued until we reached home.

So far, as Seniors, we have contributed nothing to the social world of "our school city," but June 16, 1911, under the direction of Miss Herman and Miss Kitchen, the Senior class will present a comedy in three acts, entitled "A Rival by Request."

The fun of the play is based on the mistake which Walter Pierson makes in confusing the identity of Muggins, a valet recommended to him by his friend, Mr. Smythe, and Lord McMullin, an English nobleman, whom Smythe had also asked Pierson to entertain.

Muggins, of course, is willing to play the lord, though McMullin dislikes the lackey role.

Mr. Pierson himself had become engaged to Eliza Briggs through pique because he had heard that Margaret Burnett, whom he really loved, had been accepting the attentions of some English nobleman while she was abroad. However, when Pierson saw Margaret he realized he could not marry Eliza, so his principal aim in life was to find someone to do that in his place. Thinking Muggins was a lord, he cast him for that part. Muggins, naturally, was most willing. In the meantime the real lord McMullin had fallen in love with Eliza, although he had come to America in order to woo Margaret Burnett.

After many complications and amusing incidents in the domestic life of both the Briggs and Burnett families, all difficulties are overcome and everything ends happily.

The members of the Senior class who are to take part are the following: Clare Gould, as Walter Pierson; Eleanor Koch, as Margaret Burnett; Irene Greene, as Eliza Briggs; George O'Brien, as Muggins; Arthur Oppermann, as Lord McMullin; Luella Bulger, as Mrs. Chatterton; Ralph Loveland, as Mr. Briggs; Alberta Shreve, as Mrs. Briggs; William Shaver, as Mr. Burnett; Sarah Lewis, as Mrs. Burnett; Leo Hendricks, as Mr. Smythe.

This, our last festivity, with exception of those connected with our graduation, will take place at the Germania and will be followed by a dance.

HELEN EWEN.

It was a fine August afternoon and, as I sat in the grandstand at Bennet Park, I was glad to be alive. The sky overhead was clear and blue with here and there a white cloud drifting lazily by, the grass underneath was green, while the mass of howling humanity overflowing the grandstand and bleachers was vari-hued, making a pleasing color scheme.

Detroit was to cross bats with Boston. The batteries were "The Grand Old Couple," Young and Criger for Boston, and Donovan and Schmidt for Detroit. Both teams were playing grand ball; the pitchers were serving a line of slants as crooked as Cassie Chadwick, while the fielders smothered everything that came within field-glass distance of them.

Up to the eighth inning neither side had scored a run. In this inning Donovan hit the first man up. The next batter hit cleanly for two bases, the man on first going to third. Donovan then grew wild, and indulged in his customary wild heave, hurling a spitter that got away from Schmidt, while the man on third reached home and the other player

advanced a base. The next batter brought his comrade in on a stingy infield hit. After this, at the pleading of Jennings, Donovan cooled down and retired the side without another run.

In the Tiger's half, Donovan partly avenged himself by getting a single and stealing second. His comrades could not locate the ball, however, and he died there.

When Donovan started to pitch in the ninth inning he had recovered his good nature, and he illuminated the gloom with his usual sunny smile, displaying two rows of healthy ivories. He struck out the first man, while the second man was thrown out at first. The third man knocked a long fly into the right garden. Cobb was the proprietor of this province and he chased after that escaping baseball like a French count after a millionaire's daughter. When he neared the spot where the ball was due to land in safety, he left his feet, leaped into the air and captured the evasive convict before it escaped to the safe-hit regions. It was one of those beautiful shoe-string catches for which a true fan would lose a week's pay.

As the Tigers came in for their bat, determination was stamped on every face. They needed two runs to tie, and three to win, and they'd get them if it was within the limits of mortal power. They would make a ninth inning rally that would be heard of in Mars.

Hughey Jennings took his station on the coaching line, howling like a maniac and began dancing a cake-walk and Highland fling all in one. He implored, commanded and entreated his men to show no respect for old age, but to just bat the venerable Cy Young right out of the box.

McIntyre was the first man up and he knocked a beautiful single to left field. Bush followed and sacrificed him to second, while Jennings went wild with joy. Crawford was the next man up, and as he walked to the plate his jaw was set. The first ball pitched was just to Sam's liking and he hit it on the nose for two bases, while McIntyre fell on third base and was held there.

The crowd rose to its feet and tore the air asunder, for Cobb was advancing to the plate. Jennings had gone crazy and was murdering the turf on the coaching line.

"Huski-doodle-line-dang," he yelled. "Oh you terrible Georgian, you southern chile, you gilt-edged claimant of that first prize honk-buggy, chastise that ball. Demolish its classical countenance and I'll

buy you a new hat. Hit that ball, Ty," he cried. "For the sake of your team, for the sake of this up-to-date burg wherein you reside, for the sake of your bread, beefsteak and batting average, hit that ball!"

Ty stood at the plate swinging his bat in the most approved style. Young doubled up and let the ball fly. Ty didn't like it, and let it pass.

"Ball one!" said the umpire.

Young received the ball, rubbed it in the dust, and faced the catcher, old Lou.

Lou spake unto him saying, "Don't be afraid of this dub, he couldn't hit a balloon with a snowshovel. He's so slow he couldn't get a girl at a pink tea."

Young let another one fly, which Ty struck at and missed.

"He swings like the barnyard gate," yelled Criger in glee.

"Weah!" yelled Hughey, "lean against a fast one and lose it over the fence." Ty spat on his hands and resolved to do or die.

The next ball came like a shot; it was a fast one on the outside corner of the plate. Ty concentrated his whole being on one object, that elusive spheroid. As the ball came on he swung his trusty war club with all the strength he could muster, and landed on that leather-covered orb with one hundred and seventy-five pounds of seething but perfectly controlled iron-like sinew behind the blow. When the wood met the horsehide there was a resounding crack, and that ball started through the regions infested by aeroplane enthusiasts as though trying to break all existing speed records.

Hughey danced with joy as the "Dixie Demon" started for first. As he rounded first the ball was still on its flight, and he raced like lightning for second. When he rounded second the ball had landed and was being chased by the fielder. Ty settled to his task, which was to beat that ball to the home plate. He leaned forward to get all the drive possible out of his legs. His feet hit the ground at intervals of a fourth of a second; he brought his arms into the task; he used every ounce of his being in his mad effort, and he surely was covering the ground; he went to third, his legs a living streak.

Did I say the fans yelled before? Excuse me; I beg your pardon. Compared to the outburst they made as their beloved Tyrus pounded the paths in his effort to beat the ball home, the most angry roarings of Mt.

Vesuvius would have been as quiet and peaceable as a lullaby. They created atmospheric disturbances that were felt in China. When Ty turned at third the fielder had the ball started home. Criger reached forward to get the ball on the first bound, while Ty tore for home at a rate that would have made Dan Patch look like a hitching post. He hit the turf at full speed, slid on the outside of the base line, and crossed the plate in a cloud of dust, safe by a foot.

You may rave about the beauties of Grecian sculpturing, but I rise to state, ladies and gentlemen, that when it comes to true art, grace and beauty, the best produced by the stone cutters of Athens had nothing on that nerve-requiring, that run-getting, that timed-to-the-second fade-away slide of Ty Cobb's. It was artistic in the extreme, and as he arose, covered with dust, I knew why he was worth so much to the Detroit management.

Ask any Detroit fan about Toussiant L'Overture, and he will say: "You people read not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. Nevertheless, when the muse of history gets a hearing she will say: 'Hans Wagner for the Dutch, Nap Lajoie for the French, Casey for the Irish,' and then, dipping her pen in the clear blue, above them all write the name of the champion fielder, champion base stealer, and champion batsman, Tyrus Raymond Cobb."

CHESTER FIELD.

# Music

A few years ago musical clubs were unknown in our schools. Very little attention was given to music as a study. Now it has become so important as to demand special attention. It has been introduced into all schools and is gradually becoming a necessary part of education. Some preparatory schools and colleges make a great deal of music and have introduced it as a subject for a special course.

In our American cities particularly, greater interest has been aroused. Provision is made so people can hear the best singers and most famous orchestras at a reasonable price. We have a good example of this in our own city. The Auditorium is a source of great enjoyment to the people of Saginaw. Good productions are brought there and meet with great approval. Here are given the Sunday afternoon concerts which are especially enjoyed on account of the organ.

Then, too, for those who wish to avail themselves of this privilege there is the literature on music to be had in the libraries.

At present there are a number of musical organizations in our High School. The orchestra, though it has no leader this year, continued practice and accomplished a great deal. Professor Davidson was its director last year. The Glee Club, after a late start, did a great work under Miss Steinbach's direction. The Amphion, under Mrs Wilson, began rehearsals early, and were able to sing at the orphans' banquet at the Auditorium.

This year there was no opera given by these organizations, but there was one given in 1910 under the leadership of Mrs. Wilson. Mr. Gerhart, leader of the Glee Club, managed the financial side and Professor Davidson led the orchestra.

The plot of Pinafore, the opera given, is exceedingly amusing, telling of the complications and love affairs between the captain's daughter, that role being filled by Marguerite Pendell, and a common sailor, Earle Fliegel. A member of royalty, Arthur Wrege is deeply interested in her, but she does not return his love. The captain, Frank Burdick, wishes his daughter to marry some one of high degree, and frowns upon

the sailor's love. After many complications, however, all ends well. Buttercup, Ruth Pearcy, gives evidence that the sailor should be in the captain's shoes and their positions reversed. So the daughter marries her true love while several others pair off happily.

The part of Hebe, Sir Joseph's second cousin, was taken by Margaret Gallagher; that of Deadeye by Robert Bertling, while Clare Gould and Walter Burdick, as boatswains, kept the audience laughing. The chorus of girls represented Sir Joseph's sisters, cousins and aunts, while the boys represented sailors.

Pinafore was a huge success, and the money taken in was given to the Athletic Field Association. The play was received with so much enthusiasm that it is to be hoped the clubs of the coming years will give one that will equal Pinafore and retain the high standard the musical clubs of the Saginaw High now have.

MARGARET M. GALLAGHER.

CONCIOD

RUDOLPH LIST

# Class of 1912

Colors—Blue and Gold.

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Burt, Lucy
Cole, Ethel
Crawford, Bertha
Cunningham, Leon
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Draper, Deewain
Eastman, Ashley
Elbert, Ernest
Essick, Louis
Feahr, Laura
Fesler, John
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Hannon, Frank
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Heagany, Ray
Herbert, Elaine
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Jamieson, Lawrence
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Kaufmann, Minna
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Koch, Elsie
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List, Rudolph
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Rahal, Norma
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Symons, John
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Winston, Clarence
Wrege, Edith
Youmans, Edwin
Zuehlke, Cordula
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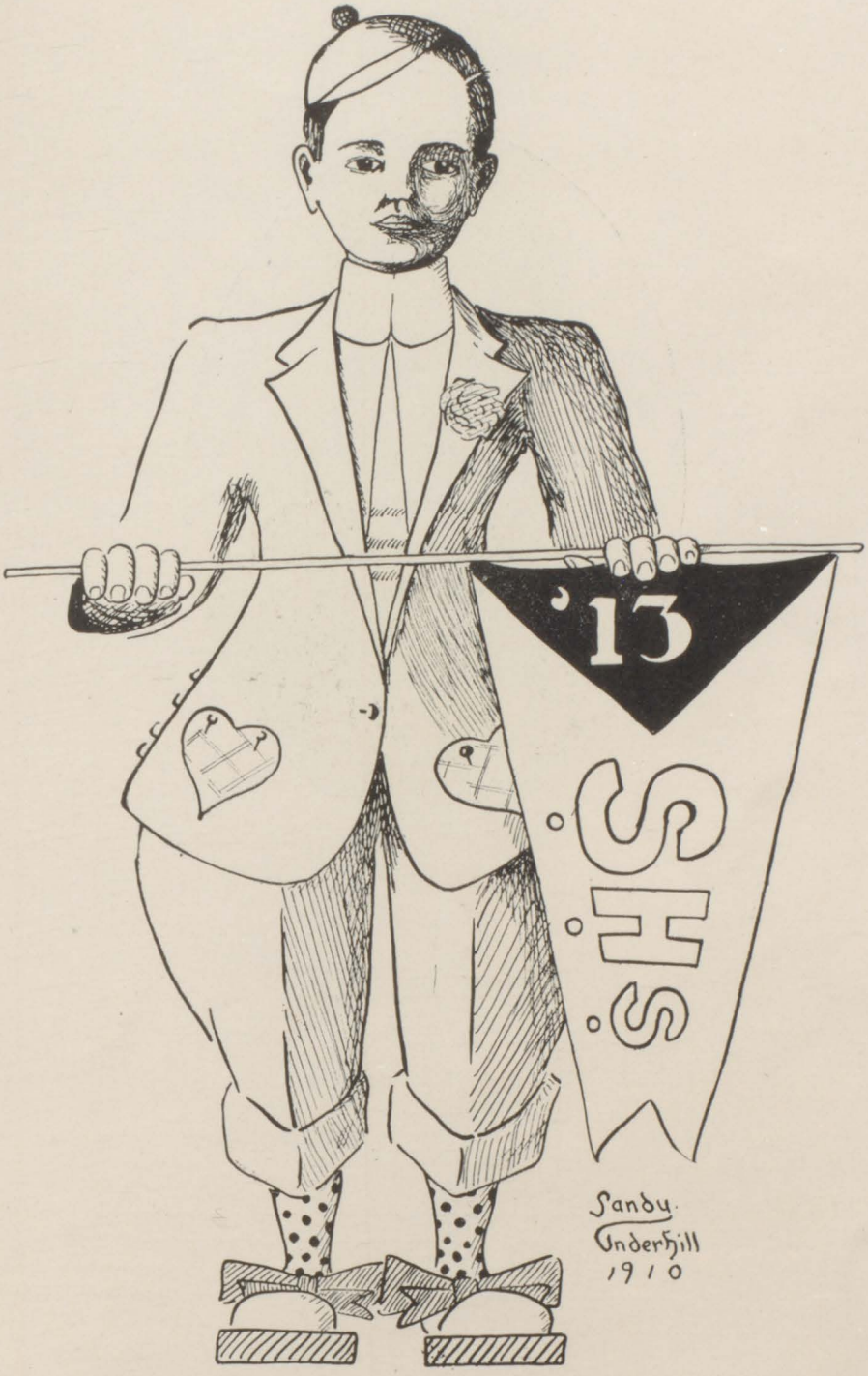
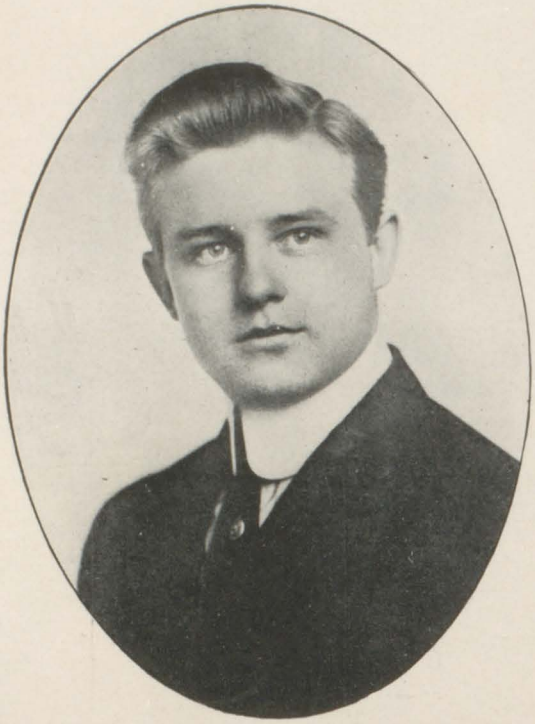

'13
S·H·S
Sandy
Underhill
1910



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Shepard, Ruth
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Sutter, Albert
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Titsch, Fred
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Tracy, Rachel
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Wallace, Waldo
Warner, Gladys
Watson, William
Werner, Hugo
Whatley, William
Whitney, Florence
Wienke, Emma
Williams, Floyd
Winkler, Naomi
Wolcott, Naomi
Wolf, Karl
Woodruff, Helen
Wrege, Verda
Young, John

HOW A FRESH MAN SHOULD DRESS
BY HIM SELF
1914
Sandy U.
'10

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Robertson, Max
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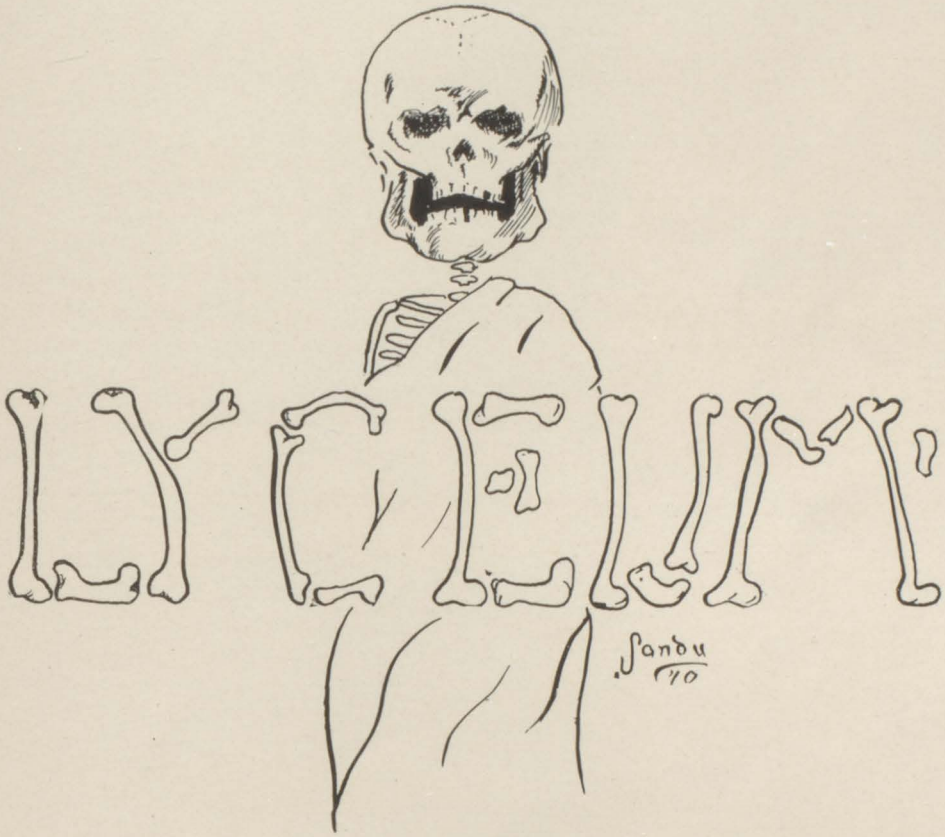
ANN HOWARD HANCHETT
NINA MARTIN
ESTELLE OPPENHEIMER
EDNA MARY SMITH


LYCEUM
Sandu
'10

LYCEUM

# Lyceum

Colors—Purple and White.

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Ray O'Brien
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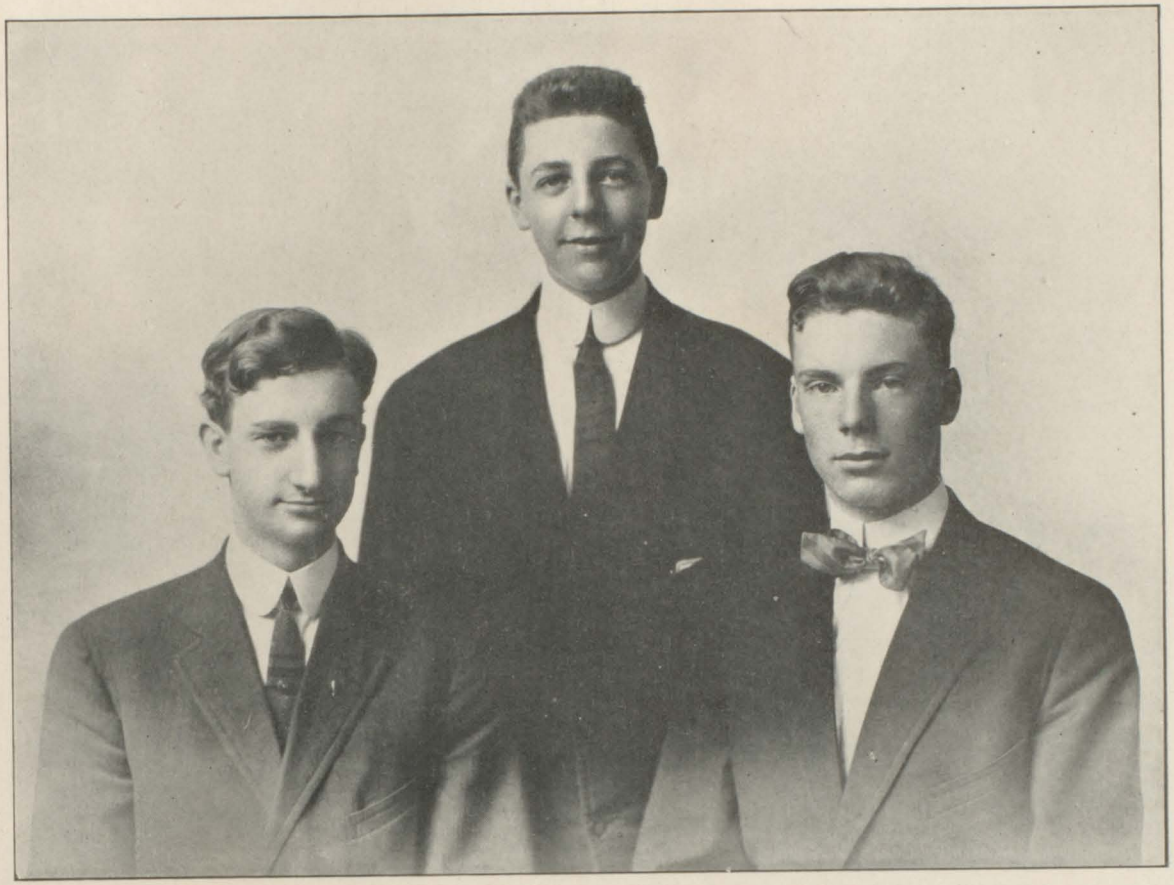

CHESTER FIELD WILBUR BRUCKER ITHIMAR TRACY

# Debating Team

In the Fall of 1909 the Lyceum entered into correspondence with the Bay City Eastern High School and with Arthur Hill High school to arrange, if possible, a tri-school debate. Nothing came of this effort as neither of the schools mentioned had a debating team. In the Spring of 1910 inter-section debates were arranged for some of the upper classmen in our own school. The Lyceum team won the first debate of this series. The question debated was:

Resolved, That Saginaw should adopt the Commission form of government.

On March 8th, 1911, Detroit Eastern High challenged Saginaw High to an interschool debate, they to select a question and we to have first choice of sides. The challenge was accepted; the question submitted was:

Resolved, That the Reciprocity Agreement that failed of passage in the Sixty-first Congress be adopted.

Saginaw chose the affirmative, and an all school team was selected by preliminary tryout between sections. Ithimar Tracy of the Junior Public Speaking Section and Chester Field and Wilbur Brucker of the Lyceum were finally selected for the 1911 team. The team went to Detroit on April 28, and were defeated by the Detroit Eastern team consisting of Rudolph Miesel, Charles Bray and Hans Kramer, two judges voting for the Detroit team and one for the Saginaw team.

On May 26th a return debate between the same teams was held in our assembly room, and by the unanimous vote of the judges the victory was awarded to the Saginaw team.

G. C. L. S.

# G. C. L. S.

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Helen Fleischmann
Irene Greene
Meta Grow
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Blanch Kerns
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Hazel Kuebler
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Clara Mohnk
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Marjorie Perkins
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Marguerite Shaughnessy
Eleanor Skimin
Doris Taft
Mary Waytelia
Bernice Woodruff
Edith Wrege
Cordula Zuehlke

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Hilda Rupp
Alberta Shreve
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# Glee Club

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Edward Witheridge  Fred Ossler  Harry Staver

### 2nd Tenor.

Clare Gould  John Vorwerck  Chester Field
Ithimar Tracy

### 1st Bass.

Leon Cunningham  Richard Lee  Leslie Hughs
Walter Burdick

### 2nd Bass.

Arthur Oppermann  Earl Wagner  Benton Hanchett
Arthur Beach

AMPHION CLUB

# Amphion Club

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Margaret Pendell
Jessie Milne
Georgina Ellis
Esther Gibson
Ione Granville
Marjorie Gemmill
Irma Klumpp

### 2nd Soprano.

Kathryn Keller
Edith Field
Jane Green
Florence Gallagher
Margaret Gallagher

### Altos.

Lucy Brooks
Ruth Perry
Margaret Hall

# ATHLETICS

# Saginaw High School Athletic Association

Colors—Black and Gold.

## YELL.

Een—dica—deen—dica—fada—dica—fum,
Een—nica—bola—een—nica—fola,
Een—dica—deen—dica—fada—dica—fum,
Saginaw High School!
Ziz! Rah! Boom!

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ORA WALLACE.....Vice-President
RAY HEAGANY.....Secretary and Treasurer
EDWARD PASSOLT.....Marshal

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LOUIE WIENKE.....Track
WALTER HANNON.....Advertising

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DEWITT COOPER.....Basket Ball (Boys)
CYRIL GAUDREAU.....Baseball
RALPH LOVELAND.....Track
BARBARA HENDERSON.....Basket Ball (Girls)

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J. E. TANIS.

## AUDITOR.

JOHN W. MITCHELL.

# Wearers of the S

## FOOTBALL.

Cooper
Heagany
Baskins
Fettig
Fessler
Gaudreau
Loveland
List
Passolt
Steckert

## BASKET BALL.

Cooper
Lajoie
Elberts
Fessler
Heagany
Spencer
Steckert

## BASEBALL.

Gaudreau
Baskins
Draper
Hendrick
Hendricks
Lajoie
Meibeyer
Stewart
Sutter
Topham

## TRACK.

Loveland
Wienke
Cooper
Davis
Fessler
Heagany
Loveland
Robertson
Passolt

# FOOT BALL

FOOTBALL TEAM

# FOOTBALL.

DEWITT COOPER, Captain.

LINE-UP.

| | |
|---|---|
| LOVELAND | Right End |
| HANKS | Right Tackle |
| LIST, HANAFORD | Right Guard |
| PASSOLT, GAUDREAU | Center |
| WARREN, HUGHES | Left Guard |
| FETTIG | Left Tackle |
| STECKERT | Left End |
| COOPER (Captain) | Left Halfback |
| FESSLER | Right Halfback |
| BASKINS | Fullback |
| HEAGANY (Manager) | Quarterback |

RAY HEAGANY, Manager.

GAMES.

| | Opponents. | S. H. S. |
|---|---|---|
| Alma | 18 | 3 |
| Bay City | 6 | 16 |
| Detroit Central | 50 | 6 |

# Football

On September 8th the dusky moleskins were again taken down from the peg for the gruelling season before them. In response to Captain Cooper's call about thirty-five hopefuls turned out and limbered up under the critical eye of Coach Ray Madden, who consented to handle the team.

With Cooper, Heagany, Passolt and Loveland back, the future looked rosy for the recruits. They acted like a championship bunch and with Saginaw High spirit to back it all up, things never looked brighter.

### The Season Opens.

After a few weeks of hard work in which time Cooper had decided on his team, Saginaw went a little out of their way in playing the fast Alma College team.

Outweighed thirty pounds to a man, our team went into the game with that spirit which has so long characterized our teams. They played with pluck, speed and knowledge, never once flinching before the attack of their heavier opponents. Every player did his utmost; Heagany made a dashing 60-yard run in the fourth quarter which brought the ball within kicking distance.

After the game everybody was saying "Believe me! Cooper leaned against that ball a few," for Saginaw had scored 3 points on Alma, while the Collegians piled up 18 by old style football. Saginaw showed championship class by holding the college 18-3.

The fair sex from Saginaw were conspicuously represented.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Steckert | L. E. | Hyde |
| Fettig | L. T. | Von Thurn |
| Warren, Hughes | L. G. | Edgerton |
| Gaudreau | C. | Chapelle |
| List, Hanaford | R. G. | Ferris |
| Hanks | R. T. | Misner |
| Loveland | R. E. | Kefgen |
| Heagany | Q. | Harwood |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Cooper, Capt. | L. H. | Max |
| Fessler | R. H. | Hooper |
| Baskins | F. B. | Cook |

Score: Alma, 18; Saginaw, 3.

Touchdowns—Harwood, Cook, Hooper. Goals—Harwood 3. Goal from field—Cooper. Referee—Ward (Ypsilanti). Umpire—Crane (Alma). Head linesman—Underhill (Saginaw). Time of periods—10, 10, 7½, 7½.

### Saginaw vs. Bay City.

Saginaw met their beloved rivals, Bay City Eastern, on the down-river grounds. We kept up the old tradition of beating Bay City. It was a fast game from start to finish and ended with Bay City gamely fighting an uphill battle. Cooper and Passolt were the stars of the game.

Saginaw, 16; Bay City, 6.

### Saginaw vs. Detroit Central.

Saginaw journeyed to Detroit to do battle with Coach Stocking's husky gridiron warriors. Although our team was sadly out of condition they were grimly determined to win out if possible, and it looked as if they sure would do it when in the first half-minute Cooper made a spectacular 92-yard run for a touchdown. It was a sadly twisted bunch of tacklers that Coop left in his wake.

But the wonderful beginning ended in a sad finish, for after Capt. Cooper was carried from the field in the second quarter, the team was against odds although they played with their characteristic grit. Passolt earned the name of "Germany" after the great Michigan center for his star defensive game. Western starred for Detroit Central.

Final score: Detroit, 50; Saginaw, 6.

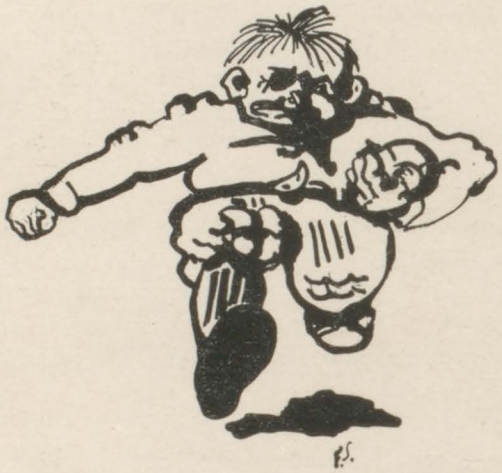
The rest of the football schedule was cancelled on account of the closing of the school for an enforced vacation, but even then there was some agitation about playing Arthur Hill as per schedule, and the team started practice once more. At this time, however, the situation which prevailed grew worse, and the game was called off.

Next year's team will be a very light one, but by all indications

a very fast aggregation. Heagany will captain the team and play halfback, where he starred this year. Baskins will be back for fullback, and Gaudreau, Fessler, Hughes, Steckert, List and Fettig will again be seen on the line where each one performed to his credit and to the credit of the team whenever the opportunity presented itself. Capt. Cooper, Passolt and Loveland will not be back, and each leaves a gap which will be hard to fill as they were players of the finest calibre.

The team mourned the death of a promising young player, Seth Hanks, who played right tackle and was sure to become a star.

The team of 1911 extend their best wishes to the team of next fall for a successful season as they must willingly bear the burden of upholding the football standard of "Old East Side High."



BASKET BALL

## BASKET BALL.

### LINE-UP.

COOPER (Captain).....Forward
STECKERT.....Forward
SPENSER.....Forward
FESSLER.....Guard and Forward
LAJOIE (Manager).....Guard
HEAGANY.....Guard
ELBERTS.....Center

### GAMES.

| | Opponents | S. H. S. |
|---|---|---|
| Alumni..... | 23 | 24 |
| Arthur Hill..... | 17 | 69 |
| Mt. Pleasant..... | 18 | 39 |
| Bay City..... | 10 | 30 |
| Alma..... | 18 | 30 |
| Mt. Pleasant..... | 4 | 80 |
| Lakeview..... | 29 | 38 |
| Alma..... | 15 | 54 |
| Bay City..... | 14 | 34 |
| Total..... | 128 | 398 |

DEWITT COOPER, Captain.

Cooper was considered about the fastest man in the state and in every game in which he participated he scored about half the points. He was the first man to lead a Saginaw High Basket-Ball team to the State Championship. Hardly too much can be said in praise of his work at forward.

Mgr. Lajoie at guard was one of the team's main men on the defensive end. It was his first year on the team, and he made a fine running mate for Heagany. He was in the game at all times and was a terror to all opposing forwards.

ERNEST LAJOIE, Manager.

WILLIAM (BILL) STECKERT

For a new man, Bill sure was the goods. Many times he saved the game by his wonderful spurts, shooting basket after basket. Bill was admitted to be a slippery man to guard and a hard one to keep down. He will be back next year and should be a star.

BEN FESSLER

A wonderful development took hold of this boy. Coming out practically unknown as a player, he soon learned the game and became a shining light. With this year's experience, great things are expected of him next year.

RAY HEAGANY

Take him for all in all, he was the best guard which has worn a S. H. S. suit in some time. Ray was an aggressive player as well as being a star on defense. He played the game every minute and was a puzzle to the opponents.

In short, Elberts was the longest man on the team, and generally had it on any opponent who tried to play against him. He was a marvel at shooting baskets and a star defensive player. Ernie has had two years' experience and looks even better for next year.

ERNEST ELBERTS

FRANK SPENCER

Kit played the game every minute and is bound to be a mainstay of the team. He showed real class whenever called upon. He will play forward next year, and with his past experience is sure to be a sensation.

# Basket Ball

## State Champions.

Never before has Saginaw High been able to boast of a State Championship Basket Ball team until this year. In 1907 we had the football championship and the wise ones of that day shook their heads and for their life couldn't predict another state championship for old E. S. High. But time outdoes the prophet, for our team ended the season with a clean slate. Although there was a dispute as to who should be champions, the dope hands it to Saginaw as she was the only undefeated team in the state. When Detroit, Grand Rapids and Adrian held out for the title, we immediately challenged them, but were turned down, and the fans said: "Clear case of frosty feet."

Four veterans from last year's team again appeared in the lineup and these, with a wealth of new material, made up the championship team. At the opening of the season the usual excitement prevailed, and it was some time before the squad of fifty was reduced. Besides the vets, Cooper, Heagany, Elberts and Lajoie, were Fessler, Steckert and Spencer.

In the inter-class games the Juniors won out with a percentage of 1000. Seniors and Sophs tied for second with .500. The Freshies occupied the cellar position with .000.

## High School vs. Alumni.

Every year the Alumni Basket Ball stars climb into their airy suits and journey down to their "alma mater" to show the younger generation what they have learned about the game since being out in the world. So far they had been fairly successful, but, sad to relate, retired athletes do not always come back, and although they got together the brightest stars of by-gone days, they struck a snag. Although not overwhelmingly, they were defeated by the schoolboys. Cooper starred for the High School, getting 14 points, while Beale starred for the Alumni. (Loveland won a dollar).

Final score: Saginaw, 24; Alumni, 23.

### Saginaw vs. Arthur Hill.

Before a large crowd of enthusiastic fans Arthur Hill was decisively defeated in the local gym, the final count being 69 to 17, with the East Siders on the heavy end. Steckert starred for Saginaw, getting 24 points to his credit, while Vondette was the celestial light for the vanquished quintet. Dancing was enjoyed after the game.

### Saginaw vs. Bay City.

Although crippled by the loss of Captain Cooper, the local team put the kibosh on their old rivals, Bay City Eastern. The game was characterized by roughness on both sides as the spirit was very strong between the two teams. The spectators wondered if it was football or basket ball, it taking on a hue of the former now and then.

The final score: Saginaw, 30; Bay City, 10.

### Saginaw vs. Alma.

Although Saginaw had to play against the crowd, umpire and team, she clearly outclassed the Alma five. The condition of the Alma gym also handicapped Saginaw.

### Saginaw vs. Mt. Pleasant.

In a fast and furious game Saginaw defeated the Mt. Pleasant team on the Normal gym floor. Although crippled, we neatly put the game on ice in the first half.

Final score: Saginaw, 39; Mt. Pleasant, 18.

### Saginaw vs. Mt. Pleasant.

Mt. Pleasant journeyed to Saginaw and Oh ! what a beating they got, it was a onesided affair from the start, the visitors only getting one field basket, and making two points on fouls. Cooper for Saginaw located the rim with surprising regularity. When the Saginaw team finished forty minutes of practice it was discovered that the result was something like this: Saginaw 80; Mt. Pleasant 4.

### Saginaw vs. Lakeview.

Our team was given a royal welcome here as the owner of the town

delivered an address just before the game, he was followed by the mayor, the postmaster who refereed was also inclined to be courteous. In spite of this celebration we turned the trick in a hard fought contest defeating the fast local team by a narrow margin. A final spurt won the game. Saginaw 38; Lakeview 29.

### Saginaw vs. Alma.

Act I, Scene 1. Teams appear and practice a few minutes.

Act I, Scene 2. Game begins with a rush with Alma getting the first basket. Saginaw settles down and after that there was "nothin' doin'" for Alma.

Act I, Scene 3. Second half in worse than the first as Saginaw completely swamped the visitors.

This little comedy in one act had a tragic ending, thus: Saginaw 54; Alma 15.

### Saginaw vs. Bay City.

It was the battle royal which the students had eagerly waited for. A special car carried the enthusiastic fans. Never before was our team followed with so much interest. It sure was the exciting night, and the best of it was that Saginaw finished her schedule with a victory, the final count being Saginaw 34; Bay City 14.

The 1910-11 Basket Ball team was the best that ever represented the school not having met a single defeat throughout the season. Next year the team will be without the services of Cooper and Lajoie, but with Elberts as captain and center, Steckert and Spencer forwards, Heagany and Fessler guards, besides the dark horses which turn up every year, Saginaw should have another state championship to her credit and they have the best wishes of the Class of 1911.

JAREBEMS

# Girls' Basket Ball

The girls' basket ball season opened up with more enthusiasm this year than ever before. Under the coaching of Miss Delia Gipe hard and strenuous practice was begun. The material was exceptionally good, as last year's team returned and many new players were ready for work.

The regular season began January 20, when Saginaw out-played Arthur Hill and defeated them by a score of 41-4.

Bay City Eastern was the next victim, and when the whistle sounded, after an exciting game, the score stood 30-7 in Saginaw's favor.

On February 3 the girls defeated Mt. Pleasant by a score of 23-3.

The girls looked forward to a game with Delray with much interest. This team proved too strong and Saginaw met its first defeat 34-9.

By a score of 30-17 they met their second defeat a week later by Mt. Pleasant Normal.

February 24 another victory was added when Saginaw journeyed to West Branch and defeated their team in a hard fought game of 23-20.

The girls went to Bay City March 3, and met the team of that city in a good game which ended 20-9, Saginaw being victorious.

On April 7 a return game was played with Arthur Hill, 20-4 being the final score in Saginaw's favor.

This year it was decided that the girls must certify before playing, which made it necessary that they should be passing in 12 hours work. This made it more difficult than in former years, but in spite of this fact the team worked splendidly at all times. It proved to be the best and fastest which has been seen in Saginaw. The team work as a whole was exceptionally good.

Then, too, praise is due each girl for her individual playing. For Saginaw, Georgia Doerr played a star game at center. Barbara Henderson, captain, deserves a great deal of credit; her baskets from the center and plays were startling. As forward, Leona Buck did exceptionally good work, as did also Grace Lobb. The work of the guards was good, and especially that of Cora Godard. The subs, Ruth Grierson and Florence Spencer played very well throughout the season.

The team will lose many of its players this year by graduation, but with the material left Saginaw ought to have a very good team next year.

IRENE MILLER.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

# GIRLS' BASKET BALL.

BARBARA HENDERSON,
Captain.

LINE-UP.

LEONA BUCK.....Forward
GRACE LOBB.....Forward
IRENE MILLER.....Guard
CORA GODARD.....Guard
BARBARA HENDERSON (Capt.).....Center
GEORGIA DOERR.....Center

GAMES.

| | Opponents. | Saginaw. |
|---|---|---|
| Arthur Hill..... | 4 | 41 |
| Bay City..... | 7 | 30 |
| Mt. Pleasant..... | 3 | 23 |
| Detroit..... | 34 | 9 |
| Mt. Pleasant..... | 30 | 17 |
| West Branch..... | 20 | 23 |
| Bay City..... | 9 | 20 |
| Arthur Hill..... | 4 | 20 |
| Total..... | 111 | 183 |

DELIA GIPE, Manager.

BASE BALL

# Base Ball

The season opened with the first thaw and although it was yet too cold, the candidates practiced in the gym. Never did the hopes for a record team look better, for besides the six veterans, Hendricks, Gaudreau, Cooper, Mathewson, Baskins and Lajoie, there was a wealth of fast recruits such as Sutter, L. Hendricks and Draper. The team mourns the loss of Beales, but are used to ups and downs. Gaudreau was elected captain and will be on the pitching staff again. Cooper covered first sack and Lajoie went to short. The other positions were shifted somewhat throughout the season. Biddy Baskins held on to the catching job.

### Saginaw vs. Chesaning.

The first game was pulled off in grand style, the new players especially showing to advantage. In the first inning Saginaw pounded the local pitcher all over the lot, a home run, a triple, two doubles and a single being the stick contributions. We scored four runs in this inning. Gaudreau pitched good ball throughout the game. The final score:

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Saginaw | 4 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 9 | 10 | 4 |
| Chesaning | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 4 | 5 |

Batteries—Saginaw, Gaudreau and Baskins; Chesaning, Thayer and A. Smith.

### Bay City Eastern vs. Saginaw.

There was that usual rivalry present in the first game with the down-river ball tossers. Bay City had a good crowd of rooters who tried to get Saginaw's "goat," but "nuthin' was doin'" and when Saginaw put four runs across in the first inning it looked pretty soft. However, Bay City gathered four and tied up, while our boys were unable to get another until the last inning, when we bunched some hits and won in a Tiger finish.

Batteries—Saginaw, Gaudreau and Baskins; Bay City, Glower and Molthrop.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Saginaw | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 12 | 4 |
| Bay City | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 8 | 4 |

### Flint vs. Saginaw.

This game was pulled off at Hoyt park, and on account of no fence, there was a large crowd, but we fooled them, for Franz Dreier had "I Paid" tags and made everybody pay a dime. In this way we cleared money. The game was replete with heavy clouting by Saginaw, but somehow their fielders were always there and the long ones went for nothing. The game ended in a tie, but Saginaw won out in the tenth by Baskins' triple. Mike Gorman handled the indicator in league style.

Batteries—Saginaw, Gaudreau and Baskins; Flint, Peterson and Street.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Saginaw | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 7 | 11 | 8 |
| Flint | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 6 | 9 | 5 |

### Arthur Hill vs. Saginaw.

This is the real sad part of our story, but it is no disgrace to be beaten squarely, and we can stand it. Vondette proved a puzzle to our batters, while Gaudreau did not receive the support his pitching merited. Our boys sort of experienced an ascension which proved disastrous. There was no particular star in the game, but the team work of Arthur Hill showed good baseball knowledge and constant practice.

Batteries—Saginaw, Gaudreau and Baskins; Arthur Hill, Vondette and Gregory.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Saginaw | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 12 |
| Arthur Hill | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 9 | 8 | 4 |

### Bay City Western vs. Saginaw.

The day was too hot, and both teams had the "dogs," so the playing was of the ragged sort. Saginaw clearly outclassed their opponents and stole bases at will. Gaudreau pitched good ball, holding them down to four scratch hits.

Batteries—Saginaw, Gaudreau and Baskins; Bay City Western, Anderson and Gruber.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Saginaw | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 8 | 2 |
| Bay City Western | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 7 |

## Mayville vs. Saginaw.

We sure were royally entertained and given a square deal in Mayville. A brass band furnished real, unadulterated music, and the rooters bestowed affectionate caresses upon Mr. Dreier, but his modesty shrank from personal demonstrations. Mayville were good losers, and real sportsmen, and everyone said the game was the best they had seen for many weeks. Gaudreau pitched a star game, getting nineteen strike-outs.

Batteries—Saginaw, Gaudreau and Baskins; Mayville, Meyers and Kitchen.

| Innings | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | R | H | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Saginaw | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 12 | 5 |
| Mayville | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 4 | 8 |

BASEBALL TEAM

# BASEBALL.

CYRIL GAUDREAU, Captain.

LINE-UP.

LAJOIE (Manager).....Shortstop
J. HENDRICKS.....Center Field
BASKINS.....Catcher
GAUDREAU (Captain).....Pitcher
COOPER.....Second Base
TOPHAM.....Left Field
L. HENDRICKS.....Third Base
SUTTER, DRAPER.....First Base
STEWART, MEIBEYER.....Right Field

ERNEST LAJOIE, Manager.

GAMES.

| | Opponents. | S. H. S. |
|---|---|---|
| Chesaning..... | 4 | 9 |
| Bay City Eastern..... | 6 | 7 |
| Flint..... | 6 | 7 |
| Arthur Hill..... | 9 | 1 |
| Bay City Western..... | 2 | 4 |
| Mayville..... | 4 | 5 |

# TRACK

# Track

All winter long the hopeful athletes trained. When the balmy days finally came along the cross-country team was a familiar sight (?) on the boulevards. With Ralph Loveland as captain and dash man, and Cooper, Davis, Rufus Loveland, Weinke, Fish, of last year's squad, and a host of fine material, the banner should again be added to our fine collection. Everything looks that way and if hard work goes for anything we will celebrate a "Banner" day some time in June.

### West Branch Dual Meet.

May 19, 1911. The Track team made its initial appearance when it met the West Branch track team. It was one of the most exciting meets ever held at West Branch.

Morrison, W. B.'s noted sprinter, was the star of the meet for W. B., while Cooper and Davis, the short fellow, made over half of Saginaw's points. Cooper's jumps of 20 feet 4½ inches was the feature of the meet. The closest race was the 100-yard dash. Morrison, a 10-flat man (?) shot into the lead at the crack of the gun, but his lead was not so great at the end owing to Capt. Loveland's great finish. The final score stood 52-52.

### Alpena Dual Meet.

One of the fastest meets ever participated in by Saginaw High School was held at Alpena on May 27th. The lack of enough men to cover second and third places lost the meet for us. Cooper, our star man, was also absent. Comstock, Alpena's sprinter, took first place in the 100-yard, 220-yard and 440-yard dashes, in the remarkable time of 10:1, 22:4, and 52:2, respectively. Fessler did some fine work in the pole vault, clearing 10 feet; while Robertson took first in the broad jump, with 19 feet 11 inches to his credit. The mile run was easily landed by Wienke in 5:11.

Saginaw never ran up against a cleaner team than Alpena.

The Valley Meet this year was the best and largest in the history of the Association. Six schools took active part: Saginaw, Bay City Eastern, Flint, Alpena, Arthur Hill, West Branch. All of these except Alpena and West Branch are old contestants in the meet, but this was the first year for Alpena and West Branch and they showed real class, both making new records for the meet. Bay City also showed more than average class, while Saginaw did not do as much as expected, although she pushed the other top-notchers and was a close third.

TRACK TEAM

## TRACK.

RALPH LOVELAND, Captain.

### LINE-UP.

LOVELAND (Capt.)—100-yard dash, 220 yards, relay hurdles.

WEINKE (Mgr.)—Mile, half-mile.

LOVELAND, RUFUS—Half-mile, quarter-mile.

FESSLER—Pole vault, relay.

COOPER—High jump, broad jump, pole vault, shot put.

ELBERTS—Shot put.

PASSOLT—Shot put, discus, hammer throw.

ROBERTSON—Broad jump, 440 yards, relay, low hurdles.

DAVIS—High jump, discus throw, broad jump, hammer throw.

HEAGANY—Discus throw.

### TRACK MEETS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Seniors | 35 | All School | 38 |
| S. H. S | 52 | West Branch | 52 |
| S. H. S | 48 | Alpena | 72 |

### VALLEY MEET.

| | |
|---|---|
| Saginaw | 41½ |
| Bay City Eastern | 45 |
| Alpena | 45 |
| West Branch | 26½ |
| Arthur Hill | 6 |
| Flint | 0 |

LOUIS WIENKE, Manager.

## Eighth Annual

# Saginaw Valley Interscholastic Track Meet

Fair Grounds, Bay City, June 3, 1911.

### OFFICIALS.

Referee—Tillotson, M. A. C.

Starter—W. B. Perry, Bay City.

Judges—C. G. Wade, Flint; C. A. Hoch, Arthur Hill; John E. Tanis, Saginaw; Geo. H. Skinner, Bay City Eastern; Wilbur Morris, Bay City Western.

### SUMMARIES.

100-yard Dash—Comstock, Alpena, first; C. Smith, Bay City, second; Morrison, West Branch, third; Khuen, Arthur Hill, fourth. Time, 10 flat. Old mark, 10:2, made by Edwards of Bay City, in 1908.

440-yard Dash—Comstock, Alpena, first; Robertson, Saginaw, second; Morrison, West Branch, third; McGowan, West Branch, fourth. Time, 54:4.

220-yard Hurdles—Smith, Bay City, first; Harris, Alpena, second; Schultz, Bay City, third; Corbin, Alpena, fourth. Time 25:3. Old record, 27 flat, made by same man in 1910.

Shot Put—Cooper, Saginaw, first; P. Smith, Bay City, second; Schultz, Bay City, third; Breuckner, Alpena, fourth. Distance 38 feet 10½ inches.

Mile Run—McKay, West Branch, first; Weinke, Saginaw, second; Trifla, Alpena, third; Noble, Bay City, fourth. Time 4:52-3/5. Old mark, 5:02, made by Fordney of Arthur Hill in 1910.

Broad Jump—Cooper, Saginaw, first; Robertson, Saginaw, and Morrison, West Branch, tied for second; Froser, Bay City, fourth. Distance, 20 feet 9 inches. Old record, 20 feet 4½ inches, made by Randall, Saginaw, 1906.

High Jump—McGowan, West Branch, first; Davis, Saginaw, Smith, Bay City, Harris, Alpena, tied for second. Distance, 5 feet 5 inches. Old record of 5 feet 4½ inches made by Cook, Saginaw, in 1910.

Discus Throw—Schultz, Bay City, first; Harris, Alpena, second; Brueckner, Alpena, third; P. Smith, Bay City, fourth. Distance 92 feet 6 inches.

220-yard Dash—C. Smith, Bay City, first; Comstock, Alpena, second; Harris, Alpena, third; Morrison, West Branch, fourth. Time, 21 seconds flat.

Half-mile Run—Sheldon, West Branch, first; Loveland, Saginaw, second; Donovan, Alpena, third; McKay, West Branch, fourth. Time, 2 minutes 11-1/5 seconds. Old record, 2 minutes 13 seconds, made by Wall, of Saginaw, in 1908.

Pole Vault—Harris, Alpena, first; Fessler, Cooper, Saginaw, and Froser, Bay City, tied for second. Height, 9 feet 3 inches.

120-yard Hurdles—Smith, Bay City, first; Schultz, Bay City, second; Harris, Alpena, third; Corbin, Alpena, fourth. Time, 17-3/5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—Zschoerner, Arthur Hill, first; Breuckner, Alpena, second; Davis, third; Passilt, Saginaw, fourth. Distance, 120 feet 9 inches.

Relay Race—Bay City, first (Perkins, Schultz, Moulthrop, C. Smith); Alpena, second; West Branch, third; Saginaw, fourth. Time, 1:38-1/5. Old record 1:40, made by Saginaw in 1908.

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## TABLE OF POINTS.

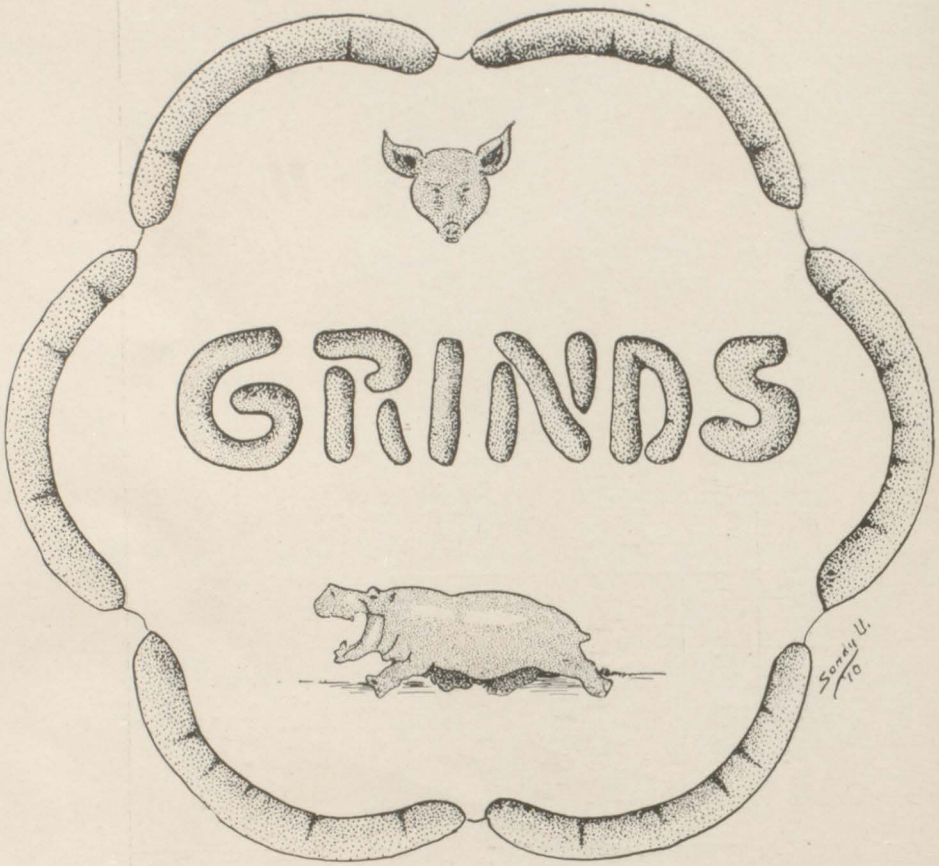
| | |
|---|---|
| Bay City Eastern | 45 |
| Alpena | 45 |
| Saginaw Eastern | 41½ |
| West Branch | 26½ |
| Arthur Hill | 6 |
| Flint | 0 |

# Saginaw High School Track Records

| RECORD | EVENT | BY WHOM HELD | WHEN AND WHERE MADE |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100-Yard Dash..... | 10 1-5 seconds..... | F. W. Adams... | U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1903 |
| 220-Yard Dash..... | 23 1-5 seconds..... | Elmer Chilton.. | Port Huron Dual Meet—1910 |
| 440-Yard Dash..... | 54 seconds..... | George Wall... | Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1908 |
| 880-Yard Run..... | 2 min., 11 1-5 seconds. | Rufus Loveland. | M. A. C. Interscholastic Meet—1910 |
| Mile Run..... | 5 min., 2 4-5 seconds.. | Allyn Roys..... | Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1908 |
| Two-mile Run..... | ..... | Cleon Spangler. | U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1904 |
| 220-Yard Low Hurdles. | 26 min., 4-5 seconds.. | F. W. Adams... | Arthur Hill Dual Meet—1903 |
| 120-Yard High Hurdles | 17 seconds..... | James Birss..... | Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1907 |
| High Jump..... | 5 feet 8½ inches..... | F. W. Adams... | U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1903 |
| Pole Vault..... | 10 feet 3 inches..... | Wihtred Cook.. | U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1910 |
| Broad Jump..... | 20 feet 9 inches..... | Dewitt Cooper. | Saginaw Valley Athletic Assbciation Meet—1910 |
| Shot Put..... | 42 feet 7 inches..... | Henry Kanzler. | U. of M. Interscholastic Meet—1907 |
| Hammer Throw..... | 121 feet..... | Earl Davis..... | Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1905 |
| Discus Throw..... | 98 feet 7 inches..... | Robinson..... | Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Meet—1908 |

# Saginaw Valley Athletic Association Records

| EVENT | RECORD | BY WHOM HELD | SCHOOL |
|---|---|---|---|
| 100-Yard Dash | 10 seconds | Comstock | Alpena |
| 220-Yard Dash | 23 seconds | Morrison | West Branch |
| 440-Yard Dash | 54 seconds | Wall | Saginaw |
| 880-Yard Run | 2 min. 11 1-5 seconds. | Sheldon | West Branch |
| Mile Run | 4 min., 52 2-5 seconds. | McKay | West Branch |
| 220-Yard Low Hurdles. | 25 3-5 seconds | Smith | Bay City |
| 120-Yard High Hurdles | 17 seconds | Birss | Saginaw |
| High Jump | 5 feet 5 inches | McGowan | West Branch |
| Broad Jump | 20 feet 9 inches | Cooper | Saginaw |
| Pole Vault | 10 feet 1 inch | Cook | Saginaw |
| Shot Put | 42 feet 2 inches | Quinn | Arthur Hill |
| Hammer Throw | 142 feet 8 inches | Fordney | Arthur Hill |
| Discus Throw | 101 feet 2 inches | Quinn | Arthur Hill |


GRINDS
Sandy U.
'70

# Grinds

The attorneys for the prosecution and defence had been allowed fifteen minutes each to argue the case. The attorney for the defence had commenced his argument with an allusion to the old swimming hole of his boyhood days. He told in flowery oratory of the balmy air, the singing birds, the joy of youth, the delights of the cool water—

And in the midst of it all he was interrupted by the drawling voice of the judge:

"Come out, Chauncey," he said—"and put on your clothes. Your fifteen minutes are up."

---

James Whitcomb Riley was looking over a fence on his farm at a field of rye, when a neighbor stopped and asked:

"Hully, Mr. Riley, how's your rye doin'?"

"Fine, fine," was the reply.

"How much do you expect to clear to the acre?"

"Oh, about four gallons," answered Mr. Riley, soberly.

---

A student in an opthalmic institution was requested to examine and report upon the condition of a man's eye. Having ceremoniously adjusted the opthalmoscope, he looked long and carefully ioto the optic.

"Most remarkable!" he ejaculated, in a tone of surprise. Then having readjusted the instrument, he made a further careful examination. "Very extraordinary, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I have never heard of such an eye. Have you ever had professional opinion on it?"

"Once," was the laconic reply. "The man who put it in said it was a fine bit of glass."

---

The Persians have a proverb, that every young man should consider well before proposing. It runs—

"He that ventureth on matrimony, is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many serpents and one eel. Yet, if the prophet so will it, he may draw forth the eel."

---

"Had a puncture, my friend," asked the passer, with an air of interest. The chauffer looked up, and swallowed his feelings with a huge gulp.

"No, sir;" he replied, "I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot is worn out, you know."

An exceedingly drunk man, on a very rainy day, stood weaving back and forth beneath a belching water spout. A passing policeman took him by the arm, thinking to lead him away, but the drunk resisted weakly, and mumbled,—

"Shave the wimmin and children, I c'n swim."

---

(After 12). She:— "And you would really put yourself out for my sake."

He:—"Yes."

She:—"Please do it, then, I'm awfully sleepy."

---

Wife:—"What do you think of my doughnuts, Herbert?"

Husband:—"Wonderful, darling, scientists have tried for years to produce artificial rubber, and here you have done it at the first attempt."

---

"My hair is falling out," admitted timid Mr. Small, to the druggist. "Can you recommend anything to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the druggist. "Here is a pasteboard box."

---

"What you want is to have that mud-hole in the road fixed," said the visitor.

"That goes to show," replied Farmer Corntassel, "how little you reformers understand local conditions. Iv'e purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I made haulin' automobiles out of that hole."

---

The departing Guest:—"Look here. This is a bit thick. You charge for writing paper and I have'nt used a scrap all the time I was here."

The proprietor:—"Pardon, M'sieur. It is the paper on which your bill is made out."

---

He:—"I wish you would give me that ring on your finger, for it resembles the duration of my love for you, it has no end."

She—"Excuse me, but I prefer to keep it, for it is emblematical of mine for you; it has no beginning."

---

Her Dad:—"No, sir; I wont have any daughter of mine tied to a stupid fool for life."

Her Suitor:—"Then don't you think you had better let me take her off your hands?"

---

"Can I stay here all night?" asked the man without any baggage. "Yes," answered the hotel clerk, "if you can put up————." The man carelessly

tossed a one hundred dollar bill at him.

"I was going to say, "resumed the clerk, "if you can put up with our accommodations. Boy show the gentleman to room 314."

---

"What we want is economy" said one statesman.

"I thought you wanted appropriations," replied the other.

"I want both; economy for your constituents and appropriations for mine."

---

A care-worn looking woman entered the shop of a fashionable glover, and asked to be shown some white gloves, as she wanted a pair for her "Jim," who was going to a dance.

"Certainly, madam," said the polite assistant, producing the white kid box: "This is the kind, I suppose?"

"Them," cried the woman. "Goodness no! They'd be no good. My Jim's got a hand like a shoulder of mutton. Besides, they're too dear. Haven't you got something like the policemen wear, at about sixpence a pair?"

The assistant smiling regretted that they didn't stock that kind.

"Oh, well," sighed the wan one, "there's no help for it. Jim will have to wash his hands after all."

---

The wife of a new member of congress was much distressed by the unexpected appearance of an old sweetheart of her danghter—a big, good-natured son of the west, though of a rather crude exterior.

"Alice," said the mother one day, "I don't understand how you can put up with Jim, now that you've been associating with so many fine young men in the east. I should think he would grate on you. Don't you find him a little rough?"

"Yes, ma," answered Alice, blushing. "And yet Jim tells me that he shaves every day!"

---

Beggar: "Please help me to recover my child?"

Lady: "Is your child lost?'

Beggar: "No, mum, but his clothes are worn out."—

---

## HE KNEW.

Minister: "Johnny, do you know where little boys go that fish on Sunday?"

Johnny: "Sure; follow me an' I'll show you."

---

Father: "You kept the car out rather late last evening son. What delayed you?"

Son: "Had a blowout, dad."

"Father: "Tire or roadhouse?"

"What shall we say of Senator L———?"
"Just say that he was faithful to his trust."
"And shall we mention the name of the trust?"

---

Little Bessie– "Mamma, how'll I know when I'm naughty?"
Mother: "Your conscience will tell you, dear."
Little Bessie: "I dan't care what it tells me—will it tell you?"

---

It's a cold blooded teacher who gives a student a mark below zero.

---

## SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE

"Methinks I heard a voice cry,
Shave no more, for I have murdered barbers."

---

## JUST FOR A CHANGE.

Johnny:—"Mamma, I dish I had a little sister."
Mamma:—"Why do you wish that, dear?"
Johnny:—"'Cause I'm tired of teasin' the cat."—Ex.

---

## PHILOSOPHY.

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I cannot be an Are
For a Could Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching Par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been by far,
For a Might Be is a Hasn't Been
But a Has was once an Are.

Also an Are is Is an Am;
A Was was all of these;
So I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Hasn't if you please.

---

"Could anyone, Love, come between us?"
He asks in accents tender.
"Well," spoke the young brother under the lounge,
"They'd have to be awfully slender."

## AN APOLOGY.

Don't think these fewlines above
Are from the pen of some young poet,
But from one who has nothing to say,
And wants you all to know it.
College Index.

---

They say, "Love makes the world go around!"
And may it never cease.
Quite true, but please remember that
Money's the axle grease.

---

A great reader is a book worm, so it follows that a great mathematician is an angle worm.

---

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas there that he first fell in debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.

---

## ITS NINE LIVES.

"What aviation literature have you?"
"Here's the very latest, sir. The life of Wellman's cat in nine volumes."

---

## SOLID IVORY.

Professor:—How would you tell the depth of the sea by means of a hydraulic pressure machine?
Student:—I'd lower the pressure machine by a rope and measure the rope.

---

"Why, Pat, there used to be two windmills there."
Pat:—"To be sure, sir."
Stranger:—"Why is there but one there now?
Pat:—"Sure they took one down, to lave more wind for t'other."

---

## A QUESTION OF COLOR.

"My pa goes to the palmist to get his hand read," boasted Freddy.
"I don't know where my pa goes," said Jimmie, "but he gets his nose red."

Teacher:—"How dare you swear before me?"
Scholar:—"How in thunder did I know you wanted to swear first?"

---

Mr. Dorr:—"Is that legal?"
Mr. Cunning:—"It depends on how good a lawyer they have."

---

## CHILLSOME.

"I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory."
"With what result?"
"A lot of expensive plants were nipped by frost."

---

## A BAD ADVERTISEMENT.

Druggist:—(To his stout wife): "Don't come in just this minute, I am about sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture."

---

## DIPLOMATIC.

Young Man:—"So Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her."
Small Brother:—"Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

---

Bill and Geraldine sat on the porch.
Billy said:—"I like your company, Gerry."
Gurgled Gerr:—"Me too."
Whereupon Billy became a holding company, and drew up his articles of incorporation so close that Geraldine went into the hands of a receiver.

---

## FIRST CHOICE.

Mr. Jawback:—"My dear, I was one of the first to leave."
Mrs. Jawback:—"Oh, you always say that."
Mr. Jawback:—"I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home."—Toledo Blade.

---

"Why did you tell me you were working your way through college?"
"I am."
"But nobody seems to know about it!"
"Certainly not, my work consists of getting money from dad."

## TWAS EVER THUS.

Voice over phone:—"Hello, is this you, darling?"
Miss Coquette:—"Yes. Who is talking?"

---

"Look here," said the guest, "things around here are as just as rotten as they make them. At lunch today I found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey, and hair in the apple sauce."

"Well," exclaimed the genial proprietor, "the hair in the ice cream came-from shaving the ice, and I suppose the hair in the honey came off the comb. But I don't understand about the hair in the apple sauce. I bought those apples myself, and everyone was a Baldwin."—Ex.

---

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two,
Everything they say and
Everything they do.—Ex.

---

Always Behind:—"Is your son still pursuing his studies, Mrs. Brown?"
"Yes; but it seems to be a stern chase."

---

## CHURCHITIS.

So many people suffer
From this dreadful malady,
It comes on Sunday morning,
And lasts till after tea.

Its symptoms often vary;
It brings on prolonged sleep;
Induces shrinking nervousness;
Young patients often weep.

But one thing I have noticed
In cases roundabout;
The victims all seems anxious
To have their church cut out.

---

## FIE, PROFESSOR!

An English professor recently electrified his class in Modern English Poetry by observing very solemnly: "Furthermore, young gentlemen, in reading Burns be sure to look up all your peculiar phrases in your glossaries. Failing in this you will not get your Wordsworth."

Have you a pony for your class?
Pass it on—
'Twas not meant for just one lass,
Pass it on—
Let it travel down the isles,
Let it help another's trials;
Help us win the teacher's smiles—
Pass it on.

---

Mrs. Hogan:—"Phat does yez ould mon do, Mrs. Casey?"
Mrs. Casey:—"Shure he's a doimond cutter."
Mrs. Hogan:—"Yez don't mane ut!"
Mrs. Casey:—"Yis, he cuts the grass of the base ball grounds."

---

Sproat:—"Er, what was the denomination of the bill you loaned me?"
Connolly:—"Roman Catholic, I think, it keeps 'Lent' so well."

---

Servant (knocking on the bedroom door):—"Eight o'clock, Eight o'clock."
Sleepy Guest:—"Did ye?.Too bad; better call a doctor."

---

"O tempora! O mores!"
The ancient duffer said;
"We used to earn our living,
But now we urn our dead.

---

SPENDING MONEY.

Employee:—"Sir, I'd like a raise, I've just been married, and—
Employer:—"So you want more money for your wife?"
Employee:—"No, sir,; I want it for myseif. She knows just what I'm getting now, you see."

---

Jinks:—"Your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday."
Binks:—"Well, I suppose you have come to collect damages. How much do you want?"
Jinks:—"Nothing. I've come to buy the dog."

---

"Arrah, Mike, you're thin and I'm thin, but begorra, Pat's as thin as the two of us put together."

## EXPECTATIONS.

Shove:—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"
Gary:—"Sure thing! Did you expect it would go through?"

---

## MANY PLAY THE POSITION.

Mrs. Neighbor:—"They tell me your son is the foot ball eleven."
Mrs. Malaprop:—"Yes, indeed."
Mrs. Neighbor:—"Can you tell me what position he plays?"
Mrs. Malaprop:—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

---

"Conductor, do you stop at the Waldorf?"
"No, ma'am, that is—not since they put on these 'Pay-As-You-Enter' cars!"

---

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.
"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.
"You mean as the cry flows."
"No, put in the judge, "he means as the fly crows."
And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.

---

Carpenter:—"Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"
Assistant:—"I did, it was a quarter past ten."

---

"You're shell like ears have ne'er been pierced?"
I asked the maid with kind intent;
"No, only bored," the maid replied,
I wonder what she meant.

---

"I hear you're on the water wagon, old man."
No; I was, but I got off to give my seat to a lady."

---

"Non paratus," dixit Freshie
Cum a sad and mournful look,
"Omnia recte," Prof. respondit,
Et "Nihil" scripsit in his book.

---

She:—"Did you take father apart and speak to him?"
He:—"Not exactly, but he almost fell to pieces when I spoke to him.'

## REVENGED.

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University last week. This student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation in English III, the Professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught."

"That's right professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me —I feed myself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

---

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"You are the first man I ever permitted to kiss me."

"And you are the first girl I ever kissed. Will you marry me?"

"I wouldn't marry a liar."

"I would."

---

Customer:—"You say this is an improved typewriter?"

Dealer:—"Yes, indeed. If you don't know how to spell a word, here is a key that will make a blot."

---

"The Japs make a liquor from bamboo."

"What do they call it?"

"Bambooze."

---

Exasperated professor, (having hurled a bottle of ink at the student)—Now do you understand?"

Bespattered Student:—"I think I have an inkling."

---

Gushing Senior Miss:—"I am indebted to you for all I know."

Teacher:—"Don't mention it, it is a mere trifle."

---

She:—"Do you believe in unions?"

He:—"Only in the winter time."

---

Blinkum:—"Don't touch me; you'll get shocked!"

Winkum:—"Why?"

Blinkum:—"My clothes are charged."

---

Teacher to pupil:—"Do you know what becomes of foolishness?"

Pupil:—"Oh, they become Sophomores."

Little Mrs. Bride had everything to learn about housekeeping, but she was so enthusiastic in her interest that everyone was glad to help her.

"I have some particularly fine asparagus," the market man told her one day, and he displayed a bunch for her admiration. "Picked not three hours ago," he added.

Mrs. Bride looked at it with unaffected amazement.

"Does it grow like that?" she asked, "I always supposed the cook braided the ends of it."

---

A man travelling westward on a through express train one day last week, left his seat in the crowded dining car, just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman.

When he returned, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the director's wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

---

## TOOK IT FOR GRANTED.

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man and therefore didn't think it necessary.

"Ethel," he said, as they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening. "I —er—am going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden! Why, I——"

"What I want to ask is this," he interrupted. "What date have you and your mother decided on for our wedding?"

---

"Business is pretty slow here just now," confessed the Squam Corners merchant.

"I judged so," replied the baking-powder drummer, "when I observed that they had laid off one of the hands on the town clock!"

---

## THICK WEATHER.

At one time during a season of heavy fog a London daily newspaper offered a prize for the best fog story. The story given here won the prize.

A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks.

"Hello, Mr. Smith!" said the clerk over the wire. "I cannot come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday."—

"How often, my good man," the stranger at the wayside station said, "do the trains stop here?"

"The trains stop here," the sour station porter said, "only once. After that they start."

---

"I suppose you would'nt believe," said the manager, "that it cost me $25,000 to raise the curtain on this show."

"I do," replied the critic. "I'm surprised that they let you do it even for that price."

---

## THE AMENITIES.

"Well, in spite of your doctrinal differences," says the Presbyterian, "we will all be together in heaven."

"Yes," says the Methodist, "let us hope that we shall all meet there and nevermore separate ways."

"Ah," says the Congregationalist, "how blessed it is to think that we shall all be a band of brethren up there— all of us with wings and—

"All of us except the Baptists," interrupted the Unitarian. "They'll have fins."

---

Miss Marks to Mr. M., who has just given out a large number of slips for the library:—"May I have a study slip?"

Mr. M.:—"Are you trying to fill up the library?"

"I didn't know I was as big as that."

---

A Cleveland man went out into the country to spend a week. His host, a frugal swain, took him into the cellar, shortly after his arrival, to test the cider.

"How many barrels of cider did you make, this year?" asked the city guy, sipping his beverage from a gourd.

"Jest eleven barrels," answered the farmer. "Why, did yer want to git some?"

"No; oh, no. I was just thinking that it was a pity you couldn't find another apple—you'd have had an even dozen barrels!"

---

"Why do you say women never buy votes?"

"Because they can't exchange them."

---

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito, politely, as he sank a half-inch shaft into the man's arm.

"Not at all," replied the man, squashing him with a book. "How do I strike you?"

Miss N. calls on Rich. Jesse stands up and bends his ear to catch the stage whispers of his friends.

Miss N.:—"Well, you ought to be able to answer with all the aid you are receiving back there."

Jess.:—"Sure; but there's a difference of opinion.

---

Lover:—"Of course, darling, our engagement must be kept private for a while."

The girl:—"O yes, dear! I have told everyone not to say a word."

---

J. T., explaining a tough one to Klees:—"Now, Klees, if you were a molecule of water in a dish, and about to evaporate, what would you do?"

Klees:—"Separate."

---

Filbert, explaining Elizabethan stage in English XII:—"They sometimes had a lady sitting on a bench on the stage as they didn't have any other scenery."

O'Brien:—"Would you call that painted scenery?"

---

Miss K.:—"Miss Gubtil, please explain the spoils system."

Miss Gubtil:—"The spoils system was a good system when it was first tried, but it was used so often that it was spoiled."

---

Miss N.:—"What did Bunyan do while in jail?"

A. Koch:—"He wrote part of 'Paradise Lost.'"

---

LUCK.

A man may bet on anything
  In this world he may choose,
And six times out of seven
  It's a safe bet he will lose.

Oh, yes, you read this hurriedly
  And say, "Now ain't that true?"
But how about the winners six
  The loser loses to?

---

When President Taft says every fiber of his nature rebels he indicates that there's a good sized rebellion under way.

They had caught the fresh air craze, and were camping in a sodden field by the side of a muddy brook. While she was seeking for the least sodden patch upon which to lay the cloth, he was cooking their breakfast over a leaky oil-stove.

At last they sat down to their well-earned repast, smiling as though they had done great things. But their smile soon faded. Just as he was beginning to discover that the sodden field was coming through the table cloth, she exclanmed:

"For goodness sake, George, how long did you boil these eggs?"

"Twelve minutes, dear, as you told me to," answered her husband gloomily.

"Twelve minutes!" she exclaimed. "Why I said that an egg only needed three minutes."

"I know you did," he snapped crossly. "But, stupid child, there were four of them."

---

Mr. G., in French XI—"Mr. Fessler, how do you say that word?"

Fess.:—"Just like you said it."

---

Mrs. Naggum:—"Who wrote the song, 'There's only one girl in the world for me?'"

Mr. Naggum:—"Adam, I guess."

---

Teacher:—"Johnny, what was the battle cry of the revolution which even now brings tears to our eyes?"

Johnny:—"In onion there is strength."

---

A CALL.

He sallied forth one pleasant eve,
To call on a young miss,
And when he reached the residence
this.
like
steps
the
up
Ran

Her papa met him at the door,
He did not see the miss.
He'll never go there any more,
For
he
went
down
like
this.

## A SENIOR ALPHABET.

A is for Allingaon,
  He'll head the list;
If he were not here,
  He sure would be missed.
B is for Baum,
  Last year's President;
On driving his Cadillac
  You know he is bent.
De Cooper we will let stand for C,
  Our great football hero he always will be.
D is for Doris,
  A player so fine;
It would not do
  To leave her out of this rhyme.
E stands for Ewen,
  The society belles;
Of these charming maids
  We all have heard tell.
F is for Feige,
  That lady so tall;
How lordly she rules it
  O'er anyone small.
G is for Gould,
  Our drummer boy grand;
Who ought to be leader
  Of Heinz's German band.
H is for Henderson,
  Who alas! might be taller;
But there is one satisfaction,
  He could scarcely be smaller.
I is for Irene,
  Who plays basketball;
She is a lady
  Well liked by all.
Joe Roman's the man,
  Who will represent J,
He's there with the goods
    Most any old day.
K is for Klenke,
  The maiden so fair,
Who combined with another
  Will make a good pair.
L is for Lajoie,
  Who will march on to glory,
With our baseball heroes,

You all know the story.
M is for Mueller,
  Mistakes she makes never;
Our Junior Ex. star
  She will be forever.
N is for Neta,
  Another basketball lass;
If she gets in the way,
  The ball will not pass.
O is for O'Brien,
  Our witty classmate;
To read his jokes
  Each month is our fate.
P is for Passolt,
  Who plays on our team;
To leave him from this collection
  Sure would be mean.
Q means don't question,
  Who composed these lines;
The same is a secret,
  Please keep that in mind.
R is for Rice,
  A bright little girlie;
Her eyes they are blue,
  Her hair it is curly.
S is for Stewart,
  Our Valedictorian;
You'll soon hear his spiel
  In our school auditorium.
T is for Townsend,
  A neat little girl,
Who over books
  Consumed the midnight oil.
U is for (E)Ugene,
  Who likes any lass.
V is for anyone
  Who's a shark in the class.
W is for Ward,
  So precise and prim;
Also for Woodruff,
  Who always looks trim.
X for et ceteras
  Will stand for all those
Whose names you find missing
  Towards the alphabet's close.
Y is the youth

A new Theory. Mr. T.:—"Klees, what holds a nail in a piece of wood?"
Klees:—"Surface tension."

---

Latin Translation.—"And he be-dewed his face with a big tear."

---

Miss N.:—"Mr. Allington, locate Florence on the map."
P. B.:—"I don't know where she is, ask Baum."

---

Miss N. (Reading about socialism);—"If there are too many ministers and not enough shoemakers, then the state changes ministers into shoemakers, or if there are too many shoemakers and not enough ministers, the shoemakers are changed into ministers."

Bum:—"In that case would the ministers be whole-souled?"

---

Clare and Eleanor had to make up in the Senior play.

---

We learn from the directory that L. Lappan has an occupation.

---

Filbert:—"Gee, she's got a rare complexion."
Blackney:—"I think it well done."

---

"What is the difference between a sigh, an auto and a donkey, Pat?" asked Mike.

"I don't know," replied Pat.

"Well," said Mike, "a sigh is Oh, dear! and an auto is too dear."

"Well," said Pat, "and what is a donkey?"

"You dear-" exclaimed Mike, as he faded from view.

---

Mr. M. (in Economics):—"What is the effect of a strike, Mr. Lajoie?"
Larry:—"Depends on who is batting."

---

Combs:—"He's a great fellow, that Brass."
Field:—"Yep, he's got a hard name."

---

Miss K., in Botany:—"What leaves are those that don't wither in the sun?"
Fresh:—"Table leaves."

That failed to appear;
His name's what we need
To bring up the rear.
With Z that means Ziemer,
The lady so tall,
The alphabet's ended,
But that's not all.
We wish to urge you,
One and all,
If you to great men and women
Wish to attain,
Follow the class of 1911
And you will win fame.

M. N. '11.

---

In the Library. Small Freshie:—"I want to draw Stevenson's 'Treasured Island.'"

---

Gould:—"Why are the summer days longer than the winter?"
J. Hendrick: "Well you see heat expands."

---

Mr. H.—"Now, how was iron discovered?"
Bright Soph:—I've heard they smelt it."

---

Miss B.—"Who will make up a sentance illustrating the meaning of the word tri-angle?"
Freshie:—"If grubs don't catch 'em, try angle worms."

---

In English XII. discussing Swift's "Robinson Crusoe."
Thal:—"I had a rooster once by the name of Robinson, but I killed him
Miss N.:—"Why?"
Thal:—"Because he crew so."

---

Miss N.:—"Miss Hinkley, where was Milton educated?"
Miss Hinkley:—"At Cambridge."
"Yes, where is Cambridge,"
"In Massachusetts."

---

The prettiest thing in spring bonnets—girls.

Queen Elizabeth's golden days were fashion's "ruff-est" times.

---

A ship without a rudder,
  A boat without a sail;
But the funniest thing I ever saw
  Was a shirt without a — collar-button.

---

Bill:—"When she wasn't lookin' I stole a kiss."
Mike:—"What did she do?"
Bill:—"She wouldn't look at me again that evening."

---

THE CLASS OF 1911.

Oh, what has become of the High School class,
  The pride of Nineteen Eleven?
And where are the ones who failed to pass
  When the last exam. was given?
Oh what has become of the studious boy?
  And where, oh, where is the fool?
And where, oh, where is the speaker joy,
  The pride of the whole High School?
And what has become of the bashful one?
  And where is the teacher's pet?
And what has become of the "prodigal son,"
  The one with the cigarette?
The studious boy, so we are told,
  Is riding a one-horse dray;
While the fool grows old with sacks of gold
  In a bank just 'cross the way.
The orator, so it is said,
  Is a clerk in a dry goods store,
While the bashful lad is not so bad,
  He's a senator, nothing more.
And the teacher's pet is behind the bars
  For forging his uncle's will;
And you ask how about the "prodigal son,"
  Oh, he's a-smoking still.

A FRIEND (1911).

---

Little drops of water
  Mixed in with the milk!
(Now the landlord's daughter
  Rustles 'round in silk!)

Spencer takes his shoes to the Oxford shop to have them repaired.

---

## TWO VERSIONS.

Freshman.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Senior.

Scintillate, scintillate, humorous constellation,
Interrogatively and admiringly I question your constituent elements;
In your prodigious altitude above the terrestrial sphere,
Similar to a carbonaceous ismotic suspended in the celestial firmanent.

---

William Baum:—"There's a girl in our school whom we call 'Postscript."
Bill, Sr.:—"Postscript! Whatever do you call her 'Postscript' for?"
Willie:—"'Cos her name is Ad-e-line More."

---

Irene:—"You had no business to kiss me."
De C.:—"But it wasn't business, it was pleasure."

---

E. Schulz:—"What in your opinion, Mr. Tanis, is the most difficult mathematical problem?"
Mr. T.:—"Trying to make both ends meet."
We would suggest, Mr. T., that you try ox-tail soup and beef tongue.

---

All things come to those who wait,
But when they come they're out of date.

---

When you lose thirteen dollars is it a sign of bad luck.

---

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the cattle show."
"I hope you'll take first prize," he said.
And the maiden didn't go.

In History XII:—"Where is New France?"

"Along the valley of the St. Lawrence, between the Red Sea and the Mississippi River."

---

R. Stewart, in English class—"Miss Nelson, I don't understand how you can mark this letter of mine 'P.' I copied it word for word from a book entitled, "Excellent Letter Forms."

---

SMOKELESS POWDER.

Her cheek was pressed against his vest;
'Twas black, the latter.
Late that night his vest was white,
But her cheek—no matter.

---

B. Fish, in Green's market:—"Say, throw me a couple of perch, will you?"

"Throw 'em?"

"Yes; I may not be a good fisherman, but I want to tell the folks I caught 'em."

---

Beale, to servant at the door:—"Is Miss Brown in?"

Servant:—"She's engaged."

Muggs:—"I know it; I'm what she's engaged to."

---

"Now, Johnny, what is the capital of Portugal?"

"Dunno. But from what I hear tell of the extravagance of the late king I reckon there ain't much left."

---

She:—"How do you like my new shoes?"

He:—"Immense!"

Then he wondered why she wouldn't speak to him for a week.

---

Bub:—"Father, who was Shylock?"

Father:—"Shame on you, Bub. Go study your Bible."

---

Reader:—"Some of your jokes are very raw."

Editor:—"They ought not to be; you've roasted them enough."

---

Two microbes sat on the pantry shelf,
With faces sad and pained,
And said, as they watched the milkman's stunts,
"Our relations are getting strained."

Merchant (to high school boy applying for position):—"Were you carefully brought up, young man?"

Boy:—"Yes sir, I just came up on the elevator.

---

A youth went forth to serenade
The lady he loved best;
And by her house at evening,
When the sun had gone to rest,
He warbled until daylight,
And would have warbled more,
But the morning light disclosed the sign
"To Let" upon the door.

---

Love is said to be blind, but it often makes spectacles of people.

---

An Irishman while annihilating the distance between two points came across the following sign: "Dickens' Works all this week for only $4.50."

"The deuce he does!" exclaimed Pat, indignant, "The dirty scab."

---

Librarian:—"Mr. Burdick, where is your slip?"

Mr. Burdick:—"I just slipped in."

---

E. Truckner, in English:—"Sir Roger when young hunted rabbits, but when he got older he hunted hares."

---

Extract from English Essay:—"He was longer of limb and shorter of leg."

---

H. Blackney graduated with highest honors.

---

"A" is the maid of winning charm,
"B" is the snug encircling arm;
"How many times is 'A' in 'B?'"
He questioned calculatively.
She blushed, and said with air sedate,
"It is not quite clear; please demonstrate."

---

When "Gulliver('s) Travels" to "Treasure Island" it will be "The Call of the Wild."

# 1910 -- Chronicles -- 1911

September 1—School opens with 797 enrolled.

September 13—First Chapel Exercises were held. Mr. Warner tells the "Freshies," that they are now a part of our "School City."

October 4—Dr. Iyenaga informs us, in chapel, that we need not fear a war with Japan.

October 5—Ten hours less required for graduation! Whoo-pee! As a result many of the "half-and-half's" change their residence in the "School City."

October 19—Official request for all to be vaccinated issued. Many left handers were excused from expressing their thoughts in writing.

October 29—Thencean Society gave a Hallowe'en at the Bartow farm. Several Senior men go out and enjoy their dainty repast.
Smallpox decreases the attendance at school and school is closed.

October 31—School opened for experiment. Failure. Forty-two per cent. present.
In Memoriam—"Seth Hanks."

November 28—School opened for good. Good?

November 30—First edition of Student Lantern issued. Sold out.

December 2—First marks out.

December 7—Senior girls hold a meeting to eliminate the use of expensive wearing apparel for graduation.

December 8—Seniors elect officers.

December 9—the ten studious Juniors are named—(But where's the "Ex."?).
School closed for Christmas.

January 12—Several impossible Seniors came to school un-tied! There's a reason. New collar buttons.

January 27—Saginaw's willing pupil, (Bay City) takes her regular foot ball lesson. Score: Saginaw, 16; Bay City, 6.

January 30—Mr. Warner gave an unusual talk on "The Principles of Grievances," or "The Grievance of a Principal."

January 30—Valedictorian and Songstress elected. Aurora Board announced.

February 6—Grand Foot Race.
Distance.—Door of room to Miss K's desk.
Contestants—Misses Herman and Ferstenau. Time—Fine.

February 10—If it had not been for stumbling over the little Mt. Pleasant boys, we might have run up a higher score. Saginaw, 80. Mt. Pleasant 4.

February 11—Heageny changes girls!

February 21—The Principal talked on "Birthington's Washday."

February 22—No school! Thanks to the wielder of the little red hatchet.

February 27—Senior class pins arrive. A grand rush for Stolz's was the result, only to find a little card in the window—"Terms Strictly Cash."

February 28—After seeing the following names, "Helen and Ray," "Florence and Bill," "Alberta and Eugene," coupled together in lead pencil marks around the buildings, the health inspector cracked the following joke: "Many more cases, and I reckon we'll have to close up the school."

March 4—Chapel:—The principal advises the organization of a Federation of Women's Clubs to keep clean the streets of our "school city;" and also suggested that when passing out of chapel to keep our three feet behind our neighbor.

March 17—Orange colored neckties of several Seniors and the innocent countenances of the "Freshies" served to make St. Patrick's Day one of success in our "School City."

March 20—Mr. Tanis gets a puncture and has to walk three whole blocks to school.

March 21—No Physics classes. Mr. Tanis hasn't recovered.

April 1—They are not all dead yet. (Think it over.)

April 28—The musical and Literary Societies at school were successful in giving the Faculty a most enjoyable reception.

May 2—"Noodles" Fagan (the newsboy orator) gave a most entertaining, as well as helpful talk in chapel. Judging from the applause the students thought him "right in the soup."

May 6—We again showed B. C. our superiority in the art of base ball. Saginaw, 6; B. C., 5.

May 12—Juniors give a minstrel show and make a "hit." Everything was carried off in fine shape, including Mr. Warner's wheel. The police force of our "school city" are on the trail.

May 12—We have a fire drill. Can't quite make the usual time at the end of fourth and seventh hours.

May 15—Seniors elected Rev. J. Ambrose Dunkel to deliver the baccalaureate sermon. Commencements "bids" were selected.

May 16—Mr. Warner's "bike" found at Morley's. Oh! you police force!

June 1—The matinee of the May Festival gives many the opportunity to attend the Jeffers.

May 26—We defeat Detroit Central in debate. Glee Club makes its debut.

June 10—Many pay their dues.

June 11—Combs gets a hair-cut.

June 13—Oh! you circus.

June 14—Seniors practice Class Song.

June 16—Seniors give a play?

We stacked no books, made extra work,
  Nor daubed the walls with paint;
We pride ourselves upon this fact—
  A record without taint.
So Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, all,
  Take care now what you do;
Then when you write your Chronicles
  You'll all have clean ones too.

"GOOD MORNING-BOYS"

"VELL?"

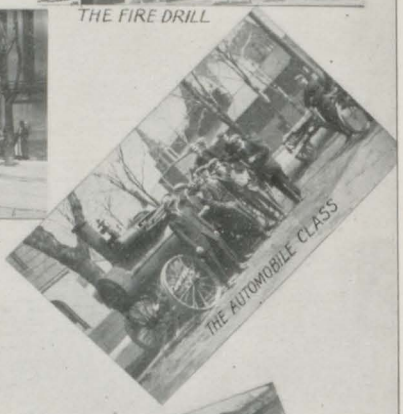
STUDY'M (?)

THE SUGAR BEET CLASS

THE FIRE DRILL

SENIOR DIVERSIONS

THE BUNCH


THE AUTOMOBILE CLASS

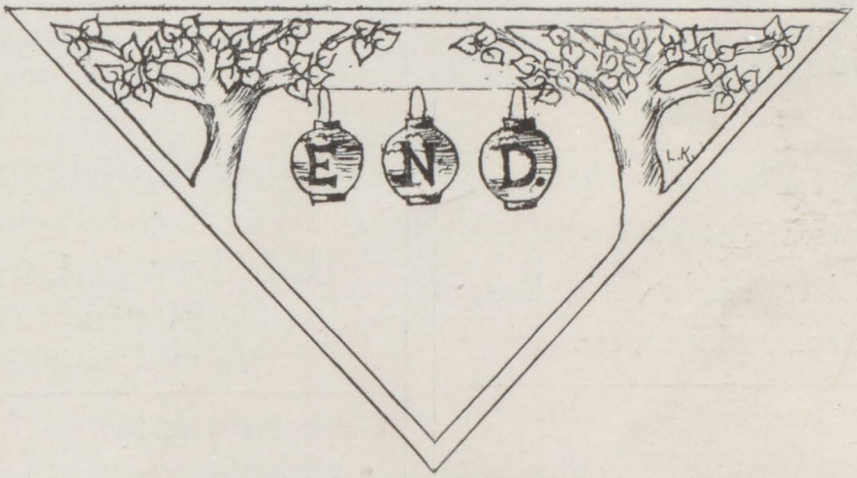
A WINSOME MISS

SOME "HAVE BEEN" PRESIDENTS

LOAFERS

BUM — AND TWO OTHERS

THE MASCOTS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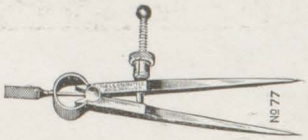


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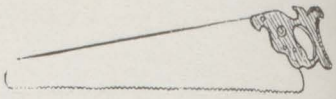

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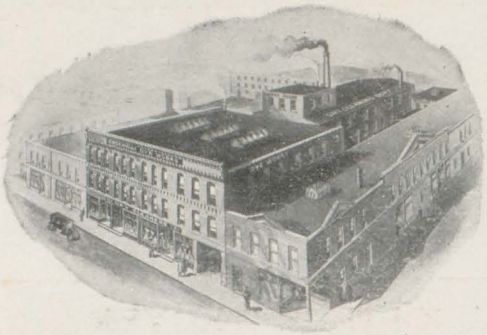

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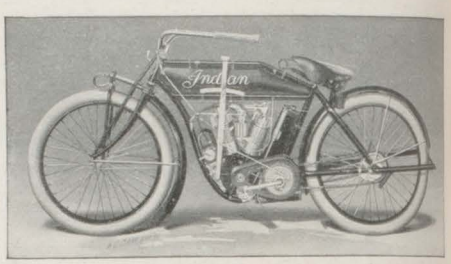


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